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Original Letters,

FROM

RICHARD BAXTER, Dr. HARTLEY,
MATTHEW PRIOR, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
LORD BOLINGBROKE, Mrs. MONTAGUE,
ALEXANDER POPE, Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN,
Dr. CHEYNE, Rev. JOHN NEWTON,

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,

Rev. Dr. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, &c. &c.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY

REBECCA WARNER,

Of Beech Cottage, near Bath.

Blest be the gracious Powers, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings in the op'ning spring;
But Man alone has skill and pow'r to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend:
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.

Crabbe's Library.

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1817.

Original Receipt

FROM

MR. JAMES M. ...
MR. ...
MR. ...
MR. ...
MR. ...

RECEIVED

FOR

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TO

THE ...
...

1871

to have been responsible for the errors
committed in their execution. Of these
errors, however, there is every reason to
suppose that they were not committed.

TO THE READER.

It is the Editor's duty to select the
most interesting and valuable papers
of the day, and to present them to the
public in the most convenient and
accessible manner. It is also his duty
to correct the errors of the press, and
to supply the deficiencies of the
original authors. It is his duty, also,
to be well acquainted with the
names of those by whom they were written,
and to be able to refer to them as well as
to the names of the persons to whom they were
sent.

THE only merit to which the Editor of a work, like the following series of Letters, can possibly pretend, must arise, from industry in collecting materials, and some little exercise of judgment in selecting such from among them as deserved to be presented to the public. As the Editor of the present publication has been aided, in both these respects, by the kindness of friends equally obliging and judicious, she flatters herself that this humble claim will be readily conceded to her. Nor can she doubt, that the Letters themselves will afford much gratification to those into whose hands they may happen to fall; since they were written, for the most part, by characters, who, in their time, stood high in the roll of literary fame;

or have been remarkable for talent, piety, or usefulness in their generation. Of there being all genuine, there is every moral certainty: and that, with a very few exceptions, they have never before been published, the Editor has every reason to believe. To the greater part of them are prefixed the names of those by whom they were written, as well as of the persons to whom they were addressed. In some, however, the names of the writer or correspondent are omitted: either because they could not be given with absolute confidence, or because motives of delicacy in the friends who communicated such letters, made them hesitate to allow the publication of the signatures of those, who, when alive, might, possibly, have shrunk from the idea of appearing before the world under the character of authors.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS, &c.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER, the author of the following letter, was one of the most remarkable characters of the seventeenth century. Had he fallen on happier days, he would have been an ornament to literature, and a permanent benefit to mankind; but, perpetually involved in religious polemics, and wasting his attainments in the discussion of "unprofitable questions," his voluminous works are for the most part buried in oblivion, and his memorial exists chiefly in the name of a connection of religionists, who, from adopting his theological principles, are known by the denomination of *Baxterians*, and hold a sort of middle path between Calvinism and Arminianism. He was born November 12, 1615, at Rowton in Shropshire; and, after a life of seventy-six years, nearly fifty of which were passed amid vicissitudes, controversy, and persecutions, expired on the 8th of December 1691. Vacillating in his doctrinal notions, he was, notwithstanding, steady in his nonconformity; which subjected him, more than

once, to apprehension and imprisonment. The last occasion on which he incurred the notice of the law, was in 1685, when he was seized by a warrant granted by Judge Jefferies, and tried by that execrable perverter of justice. The brutish vulgarity of Jefferies never appeared more conspicuously than on this trial. "Mr. Baxter being ill," says his biographer, "moved, " by his counsel, for time; but Jefferies said, he would " not give him a minute's time to save his life. Yonder " stands Oates in the pillory, says he; and if Mr. Baxter " stood on the other side, I would say, two of the greatest " rogues in England stood there. He was brought to " his trial May 30th, but the Chief Justice would not " admit his counsel to plead for their client. When " Mr. Baxter offered to speak for himself, Jefferies " called him a snivelling, canting Presbyterian; and " said, Richard, Richard, don't thou think we will hear " thee poison the court. Richard, thou art an old fel- " low, and an old knave; thou hast written books " enough to load a cart; every one as full of sedition, " I might say of treason, as an egg is full of meat: " hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade " forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest " to be a preacher of the gospel of peace; as thou hast " one foot in the grave, 'tis time for thee to begin to " think what account thou intendest to give; but leave " thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast " begun; but, by the grace of GOD, I will look after " thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see " a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting " to see what will become of their mighty Don; and a " Doctor of the party (Dr. Bates) at your elbow; but, " by the grace of ALMIGHTY GOD, I will crush you all."

Neale's History of the Puritans, v. v. p. 6. The jury, under the direction of the Judge, found Baxter guilty;

and he was fined 500 marks, or to go to prison till he paid it. He continued in prison for two years, when the court changed its measures, and he was released. Dr. Calamy observes, that Baxter's works would "form a library of themselves." His "Call to the Unconverted," and his "Saints' everlasting Rest," are still had in deserved esteem. He drew up a "Reformed Liturgy," which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be "one of the finest compositions of the ritual kind he had ever seen:" but if it be compared with the admirable services of our own excellent Book of Common-Prayer, it will be found to be sadly deficient in pathos, sublimity, and variety.

The popularity of Baxter's works in the seventeenth century was surprisingly great. "I remember," says Addison, in the 445th number of the Spectator, "upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of good sayings, inscribed, *The Last Words of Mr. Baxter*. The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after, there came out a second sheet, inscribed, *More Last Words of Mr. Baxter*."

The curious original letter, from which the following is printed, was found in a second-hand copy of *Lyndewode's Provinciale*, purchased, about 28 years ago, of Mr. Cuthell, bookseller, Middle-row, Holborn.

LETTER I.

From RICHARD BAXTER *to* “*the Rev. Dr.*
 “*RICHARD ALLESTREE, the King’s Profes-*
 “*sour of Theologie, at his Lodgings in Christ’s-*
 “*Church, Oxford.*”

SIR,

Dec. 20, 1679.

AS your ingenuity giveth me full satisfaction, I am very desirous to give you such just satisfaction concerning myself, that you may think neither better nor worse of me than I am: we old men are prone to have kinder thoughts of our childish old acquaintance than of later, and to value most their esteem, whom we most esteem; and the current report of your honesty, as well as knowledge, commandeth a great estimation of you from us all. I was before the warre offended much at the multitude of ignorant drunken readers, who had the care of souls, and the great number of worthy ministers who were cast out and ruined, and of serious Christians that were persecuted for praying together, and

for little things. I was one of those that were glad that the Parliament, 1640, attempted a reformation of these things, which I expressed, perhaps, too openly. I lived in a town (Kedermminster) then famous for wickedness and drunkenness. They twice rose against me, and sought to kill me. Once for saying the infants had original sin, &c.; and next time for persuading the churchwardens to execute the Parliament's order (the King's being yet with them) for defacing the images of the Trinity on the cross; when they knockt down two strangers for my sake, who carried it to their graves. Then the old Curate indited me at the assizes, I never heard for what, but I was forced to be gone. If any did but sing a psalm, or repeat a sermon in their houses, the rabble cried, Down with the Round-Heads, and were ready to destroy them; so that the religious part of the town were forced to fly after me to Coventree, where we lived quietly; but having nothing of their own, they were constrained to become garrison soldiers, and I took my bare dyet, to preach once a week, refusing the offered place of chaplain to the garrison. The newes of 200,000 murdered by the Irish and Papist strength in the King's armies, and the great danger of the kingdom, was published by the Parliament; my judgment then was, that neither King nor Parliament might lawfully

fight against each other; that dividing was dissolving and destroying; and only necessary defence of the constitution was lawful: but that the *bonum publicum* was the essential end of government; and though I thought both sides faulty, I thought that both *the defensive part, and the salus populi*, lay on the Parliament's side, and I very openly published and preached accordingly. The Parliament still professing, that they took not arms against the King, but against subjects; that not only fled from justice, but sought by arms to destroy the Parliament, &c. In a word, my principles were the same with Bishop Bilson's (of subjection) and Jewet's, but never so popular as R. Hooker's. When I had stayed in Coventree a year, my father in Shropshire was plundered by the King's soldiers, (who never was against the King or conformity.) I went into Shropshire, and he was for my sake taken prisoner to Linshull. I stayed at Longford garrison for two months, and got him exchanged for Mr. R. Fowler. In that time, the garrison being a little more than a mile distance, the soldiers on each side used frequently to have small attempts against each other; in which Judge Fiennes' eldest son was killed of our side, and one soldier of their side, and no more that I know of. I was present when the soldier was killed; the rest ran away and left him; and other sol-

diers hurt him not, but offered him quarter, but he would not take it, nor lay down his armes: and I was one that bid him lay them down, and threatened to shoot him, but hurt him not, he striking at me with his musket, and narrowly missing me. I rode from him; and Captain Holidaye, the governor, being behind me, shot him dead; and it grieved me the more, because we afterwards heard that he was a Welshman, and knew not what we said to him. I never saw man killed but this; nor this indeed, for I rode away from him. Above twenty prisoners we there took, and all, save two or three, got away through a sinke-hole, and the rest were exchanged. I returned to Coventree, and followed my studies another year; all that garrison abhorred sectarian, and popular rebellious principles. The Parliament then put out the Earl of Essex, and new-modelled their armies; and gave Fairfax a new commission, leaving out the King; when before, all the commissions were, to fight for King and Parliament. Naseby fight suddenly followed: being near, I went, some daies after, to see the field and army; when I came to them, (before Leicester,) divers orthodox captains told me, that we were all like to be undone, and all along of the ministers, who had all (save Mr. Bowles) forsaken the army: and the sectaries had thereby turned their preachers, and possessed

them with destructive principles against King, Parliament, and Church. And now they said, "GOD's providence had put the trust of the people's safety in our hands, and they would, when the conquest was finished, change the government of Church and State, and become our lords." This struck me to the heart; I went 'mong them, and found it true. Hereupon they persuaded me yet to come among 'em, and got Whally (then sober, and against those men) to invite me to his regiment, (the most sectarian and powerful in the army.) I went home to Coventree, and slept not till I had called together about twelve or more reverend ministers, who then lived there, (divers are yet living,) and told them our sad case; and that I had an invitation, and was willing to venture my life in a tryal to change the soldiers' minds. They all consented. I promised presently to goe. I asked leave of the committee and government, who consented. Before midnight the garrison reviled the committee for consenting. They sent for me again, and told me I must not goe, for the garrison would mutinie. I told them I had promised, and would goe. But I, (foolishly,) to satisfie them, told my reasons, which set Lieut.-Colonel Purefoy in a rage against me for so accusing the army. The next morning I went, and met with the consequent of my error; for Crom-

well had notice of what I had said, and came about before I could get thither: and I was met with scorn, (as one that came to save church and state from the army.) There I staid awhile, and found, that being but in one place at once I could doe little good. I got Mr. Cooke to come and help me, (who since helpt Mr. G. Booth into Chester for the King, and was imprisoned for it, though now he is silenced.) He and I spent our time in speaking and disputing against the destroyers; and I so far prevailed as to render the seducers in the regiment contemned, except in one troop, or a few more. I told the orthodox Parliament men of their danger. But Cromwell frustrated my cherished hope, and would never suffer me to come near the General, nor the head-quarters, nor himself, nor never once to speak to him. When the warre seemed over, I was invited home again; but I called near twenty ministers together at Coventree, and told them that the crisis was not now far off; the army would shortly shew themselves in rebellion against King, the Parliament, and Church; and I was willing to venture my life to trie to draw off as many against them as I could. They voted me to stay. I went back, and it pleased GOD, that the very first day that they met in Nottingham in council, to *confederate*, as I foresaw, I was not only kept away, but finally

separated from them, by bleeding almost to death, (120 ounces at the nose.) Had not that prevented it, I had hazarded my life at Triploe Heath, where they brake out, but had done little good; for when the sober part then declared against them, they drew off about 5000 or 6000 men; and Cromwell filled up their places with sectaries, and was much stronger than before. All that I could do after was, to preach and write against them. This is a true account of the case of your *old* friend,

R. BAXTER,

How little knew Mr. Durell how falsely he described my case at Kidderminster, I may not now stay you with a narrative.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

It is Doctor Johnson's observation, that "Prior has written with great variety, and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all stiles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace." A singular resemblance will be found between this description of his works, and the events of his life, and the character of his conduct; the former being marked by vicissitudes of elevation and depression; the latter, by public usefulness, and private licentiousness. Born July 21, 1664; of parents sufficiently humble to have escaped the certain knowledge of his biographer, he passed some time at Westminster school, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Busby; and, engaging accidentally the notice of the witty Earl of Dorset, the Mæcenas of his day, he obtained an academical education in St. John's college, Cambridge. In 1691, he resolved to try his fortune on that best theatre for the exhibition of talent, the Metropolis; where, attracting notice by some of his publications, he became an object of ministerial patronage, and was sent as secretary of the embassy to the Congress at the Hague; "an assembly," as Johnson "remarks, of princes and nobles, to which Europe has, perhaps, scarcely seen any thing equal; where was

“formed the grand alliance against Louis the Fourteenth, which at last did not produce effects proportionate to the magnificence of the transaction.” The favour of King William, which he gained by his diplomatic talents, and judicious application of poetical flattery, raised him to the office of Under Secretary of State, and afterwards to that of Commissioner of Trade, when he lost the secretaryship, by the removal of the Earl of Jersey. It was now that he changed his politics; left the Whigs, and became a Tory; a change which was afterwards rewarded by degradation from his political honours, and the discomfort of temporary imprisonment. In the year 1713, Prior was an accredited plenipotentiary at the Court of France; where he continued to exercise the high duties of the situation, and to enjoy its honours, till August 1714, when the Tories fell, and our poet was involved in their disgrace. He remained in Paris, however, till the March following; and then returned to his country, only to experience the melancholy reverse, of apprehension and confinement. It was during his stay in France, and after the change of the ministry, that he wrote the ensuing letter; a document which seems to contradict Johnson’s assertion, “that he was not able to return to England, being detained by debts which he had found it necessary to contract, which were not discharged before March:” since Prior does not even hint at such a cause of detention, in his confidential communication to Lord Townsend. Our poet seems to have been, like most other men, a *mixed character*; with some of the fire of genius, but more of its eccentricity: good natural principles, but occasional perversions of them: upright in the main, but led by circumstances, every now and then, into obliquity of conduct: in short, he seems to have exemplified

in himself that pliability of conscience, which he has so well described in the following sprightly lines, attributed to his muse:

For conscience, like a fiery horse,
Will stumble, if you check his course;
But ride him with an easy rein,
And rub him down with worldly gain,
He'll carry you through thick and thin,
Safe, although dirty, to your inn.

LETTER II.

From Mr. PRIOR to Lord TOWNSEND.

MY LORD, *Fontainbleau, Oct. 12, 1714.*

I Am sure you will not think that I make you a compliment of form only, when I congratulate to you the honour of being secretary *bonâ fide*. I had rather you had the seals than any man in England, except myself; and I wish you all satisfaction and prosperity in the course of your business, and in every part of your private life. I need not ask you for your favour; for, taking it for granted that you think

me an honest man, I assure myself of every thing from you that is goodnatured and generous. How long I am, or am not, to be here, or when I am to be recalled, your Lordship will soonest know; all that I can tell you upon that subject is, that our friend and ally Mr. Cunningham is mightily pleased with me. Pray, my Lord, do me all the good you can; and if, as we say here, the names of party and faction are to be lost, pray get me pricked down for one of the first that is desirous to come into so happy an agreement. And as I know so good a design as the obtaining and ensuring peace suits admirably well with the sweetness of your Lordship's temper, I'll take my oath on't it, graduates extremely well with my present disposition and circumstances. I cannot presume to hope for the happiness of seeing you very soon; for though I should be recalled to-morrow, I shall savour so strong of a French Court, that I must make my quarantine in some Kentish village, before I dare come near the Cock-pit. In every place and estate, I am, with great truth and respect,

Your Lordship's

Most faithful, most humble, and
obedient servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THAT *truth* only is permanent, and that virtue alone can secure immortality to talent, is strikingly exemplified in the fate which the philosophy and writings of Lord Bolingbroke have experienced; since now they are either entirely neglected, or remembered only to be reprobated or despised. "A graceful person," says Dr. Joseph Warton, "a flow of nervous eloquence, a vivid imagination, were the lot of this accomplished nobleman; but his ambitious views being frustrated in the early part of his life, his disappointments embittered his temper; and he seems to have been disgusted with all religions and all governments." Hence he became factious, discontented, and petulant, in his politics; absurd, inconsistent, and impious, in his religious speculations; and, though a patriot and Theist in *profession*, he was, both in practice and principle, an enemy to legitimate power, a despiser of dignities, and a reviler of God. As an instance of the effects of his own dark system upon his moral conduct, it is sufficient to adduce his behaviour to Pope, his friend and panegyrist; whom he first degraded into the character of a tool, and vehicle of his own destructive notions, by insidiously furnishing him with the scheme of the *Essay on Man*, the pernicious tendency of which the poet did not perceive; and after *his friend was no more*, employed the unprincipled Mallet to calumniate his memory. "Mallet," says Johnson, "had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse

“ the office ; and was rewarded, not long after, with the “ legacy of Lord Bolingbroke’s Works.” These he published in a splendid edition of five volumes in quarto.

Had the following letters contained the least taint of his Lordship’s polluted opinions, they should not, notwithstanding their graceful ease, have found their way into the present volume ; for, next to the guilt of those who *coin* profligate principles, we hold them to be most criminal who give them *circulation*, by committing them to the press.

Even during the temporary popularity of Lord Bolingbroke’s writings, many able refutations of the principles contained in them were published by the friends of religion and good order ; but none more complete, satisfactory, and convincing, than the Letters of Dr. John Leland, in his View of Deistical Writers, from the commencement and close of which we beg leave to quote the following passages.

“ The works Lord Bolingbroke had published in
 “ his own life-time, and which are republished in this
 “ (Mallet’s) edition, had created a high opinion of the
 “ genius and abilities of the author. In them he had
 “ treated chiefly concerning matters of a political
 “ nature ; and it were greatly to be wished for his own
 “ reputation, and for the benefit of mankind, that he
 “ had confined himself to subjects of that kind, in that
 “ part of his works which he designed to be published
 “ after his decease. These his posthumous works make
 “ by far the greater part of this collection. His *Letters*
 “ *on the Study and Use of History*, which were pub-
 “ lished before the rest, and prepared the world not to
 “ look for any thing from him, that was friendly to
 “ Christianity or the holy Scriptures. But I am apt
 “ to think, that the extreme insolence, the virulence
 “ and contempt, with which, in his other posthumous

“ works he hath treated those things that have been
 “ hitherto accounted most sacred among Christians,
 “ and the open attacks he hath made upon some
 “ important principles of natural religion itself, have
 “ exceeded whatever was expected or imagined. There
 “ is ground to apprehend, that the quality and repu-
 “ tation of the author, his high pretensions to reason
 “ and freedom of thought, his great command of words,
 “ and the positive and dictatorial air he every where
 “ assumes, may be apt to impose upon many readers,
 “ and may do mischief in an age too well prepared al-
 “ ready for receiving such impressions.” “ Thus I
 “ have considered what the late Lord Bolingbroke hath
 “ offered in these Letters against the authority of the
 “ holy Scripture, and the Christian religion, as far as
 “ may be necessary to take off the force of the objec-
 “ tions he hath raised against it, and which seem to
 “ have nothing in them proportioned to the unusual
 “ confidence with which they are advanced. It is hard
 “ to see what good end could be proposed by such an
 “ attempt. But perhaps it may be thought an advan-
 “ tage, that by ‘ discovering error in first principles
 “ ‘ founded upon facts, and breaking the charm, the
 “ ‘ enchanted castle, the steepy rock, the burning lake,
 “ ‘ will disappear.’* And there are persons, no doubt,
 “ that would be well pleased to see it proved, that
 “ Christianity is no better than delusion and enchant-
 “ ment; and particularly, that the wicked have nothing
 “ to fear from *the burning lake*, some apprehensions of
 “ which may probably tend to make them uneasy in
 “ their vicious courses. But I should think, that a true
 “ lover of virtue, and of mankind, who impartially
 “ considers the purity of the gospel morals, the excel-

* See his Letter on the Use and Study of Retirement, vol. ii.
p. 221.

"lent tendency of its doctrines and precepts, and the
 "power of its motives for engaging men to the prac-
 "tice of piety and virtue, and deterring them from
 "vice and wickedness, will be apt to look upon it as a
 "very ill employment, to endeavour to expose this
 "religion to contempt, and to set bad men free from
 "the wholesome terrors it inspires, and deprive good
 "men of the sublime hopes and sacred joys it yields.
 "But Christianity hath withstood much more for-
 "midable attacks, and will, I doubt not, continue to
 "approve itself to those that examine it, and the
 "evidences by which it is established with minds free
 "from vicious prejudices, and with that sincerity and
 "simplicity of heart, that seriousness and attention,
 "which becomes them in an affair of such vast im-
 "portance."

LETTER III.

*From Lord BOLINGBROKE to Sir WILLIAM
 WYNDHAM.*

Chantilly, Jan. 12, 1736.

I Received yours of the 22d of December, O. S.
 this moment; and an opportunity of sending
 it to Paris to-morrow or Saturday being likely
 to present itself, I answer it instantly, in hopes
 it will be delivered by this safe conveyance,

time enough to be carried to you by Mr. Wyndham. My brother-in-law, who sets out this day for London, has one for you likewise. I did not doubt, my dear Sir William, of your approbation, when I writ the letter you mention. You are capable of feeling, that true spirit carries a man into retreat on some occasions, as it plunges him into all the bustle of the world on others. If I had not gone into England, and begun to settle and take root there again, when the late King drew me into the measure, if I may use such an expression, it is easy to imagine what my enemies, and even my friends, would have said, with *appearances* on their side. If I had taken my hand from the plough, when the late King died; it is easy likewise to imagine what the same persons would have said, with *reason*, I think, on their side. If I continue to act any longer the same part as I have acted in England for some years past, and the only part I would act if I was there; I know what judgment I should make of myself, and what every man of sense and spirit would make of me likewise.

The wisest, the most decent, and the only dignified part I can take, is, therefore, that I have taken. I have taken it, and I will support it. The declared friend of my friends; the declared enemy of my enemies; ready to sacrifice myself at any time for the liberty and welfare

of the country in which I was born, and at all other times content and happy in the state of a philosophical cosmopolite, in the ordinary course of private life. You know how much indulgence I have for my passions, my fancies, my weaknesses. How much it is, according to my system, a part of wisdom to give great way to them, and pay little regard to common notions, received customs, and the *qu'en diset on?* so terrible to most persons. But in the great turns of private life, and in every part of public life, I condemn this indulgence; and I respect the opinion of mankind, I mean that opinion which is founded in judgment, and will last; not the momentary applause of the vulgar.

My whole scheme for the rest of my life is ready formed in my mind, and my mind immoveably fixed to pursue it; but the affair which I recommend to you and Bathurst, is a preliminary so necessary, that I cannot, without the communication of it, even begin to act and live as I propose to do, or at least with the ease and satisfaction I shall find, whenever this preliminary is executed. I say no more on this head, but depend on you; and expect to hear from you, as soon as you have thought, consulted, and informed yourself a little more about it.

Though the project we have so often talked of for marrying Charles, be, in that one point of

view wherein I have considered it, extremely desirable; there is no doubt but it may cease to be so, when it is seen in another. You have seen it in that other, and you are, therefore, a much better judge. He will be very easy in the matter. Nothing could tempt him, but the prospect of an immense fortune; and, if I know him, he will prefer, even to that, the enjoyment of his liberty. Let me say one word to you on this subject. I have studied him this summer more than I ever did before. You will never give him a turn for public business, but he has notions of virtue and honour strong about him; and he is one of those nags whom you may guide with a thread, if you play with his mouth, but who will grow restive to the spur, and run away, if he is much checked.

I come now to the article of your letter that relates to my Lord Gower. I agree that Mr. Leveson must know the language, so as to speak it with ease, before he can mix in the good company of this country with pleasure and profit. I agree, likewise, that it will be necessary that he should wear off that aukward, shy habit, which our young fellows contract, and which his natural temper fortifies perhaps, before he can make such a figure in this company as it becomes him to make, and as it will be expected he should make, even at his first appearance. If he was at Paris, therefore, I should not advise producing

him yet awhile in much company; and that I did produce him in, should be of a kind he would sooner assimilate with, than he would with the people of the Court, and of a certain rank and air of the world. But the objections against his being at Paris; drawn from the danger of his falling into the habits of his kinsman, and the other English, are strong, and, upon second thoughts, they seem to me decisive.

The best resolution that can be taken, therefore, is that of weaning him, by little and little, from the habits he has; fitting him by little and little for the world, and introducing him by little and little into it; and all this at a distance from his kinsman, and other English, who would confirm his old habits, or teach him worse.

By a letter which my wife has received from Lord Cornbury since I began this, I see that Lord Gower has thoughts of sending him directly to us; and I confess that I should be glad that he did so. When he has been for some time with me, I shall make a better judgment of his character; and my opinion concerning the manner in which his travels ought to be directed, will turn principally upon what I shall observe of his character. I will judge, in consequence of that notice, as well as I can; and my Lord Gower may assure himself, that I will employ the best skill I have in this affair;

with zeal and affection. As to Mr. Gravenkop, I know him well; and think well of him; all I have to recommend is this, let him be in the boy's eye a friend and companion, not a governor. Let him be the same in the eyes of the world; a person attached, as they say abroad, to the family, and who travels on that principle with him; this hint is of more consequence than you can imagine. In the mean time I will enquire about the several academies that are abroad. That in our neighbourhood at Augers is quite fallen; and that of Luneville will now fall, I suppose, likewise.

Pray renew to my Lord Gower the assurances of my being his faithful servant; they are very sincere. I need say no more at present about his son; but if he sends him hither, I should be glad to know the time, that I may order mine so as to have an opportunity of attending him; for it is possible that I may take a trip to Paris, and even to the waters of Bourbon, in the spring.

Adieu, dear Sir William. All here are devoted to you and yours; but neither here, or any where else, is any man so much as your old and faithful friend,

B.

LETTER IV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Sir WM. WYNDHAM.

February 27, 1737.

I Received yesterday your letter of the 28th of January, dear Sir William; and though I have this morning little time, I employ it to answer what you write to me; and this I shall do in very few words. As to all expedients of borrowing, and living longer on my capital, which has been, during many years, and by many ways, annually reduced, I cannot resolve to take them. To live by expedients, in all the senses of these words, has been my aversion always, however I may have been obliged to live so; but at my age, in my circumstances, and with my present temper of mind, to live so would be madness, if by any means I can avoid it. I want ease and tranquillity more than money; and, therefore, in my proceeding toward the sale of Dawley, I care little what advantages I give another, provided I secure soon to myself the advantage of settling my affairs in a way to have no further trouble about them, and to bring me a revenue, not equal to my fund, but equal to my scheme of life. I suppose the estate and advowson worth about £19,000. If Mead, or any one else, will give me, without more ado, £6000 for the house, and all the furniture in it, so that I may not lose

the present opportunity ; close the bargain, Sir William, and I will ratify it. You ask what furniture I except. Besides books and pictures, I answer, in this case none ; and especially if Dr. Mead be the purchaser, to whom, upon his own account, and out of regard to his late brother's memory, I should be glad that the advantage of this purchase accrued. The furniture already in place, and the house, even reckoning the latter almost as materials, are worth the £6000. If my wife has left any box, or other odd article, which she may desire to have over, it will be such a trifle as to cause no dispute. In order to guard against the objection you make, it will be proper to say, as it is most true, that what you are now empowered to do, is only for the present moment, wherein I have particular reasons for selling ; and that I shall not think in the same manner, this moment over.

I make no doubt of your best services ; and I should believe that Dr. B. might determine Dr. Mead to catch at such an opportunity ; for surely it is a great one in profit, conveniency, and every other respect. Let me have your answer as soon as possible, for I must give mine determinately in a fortnight. I will not risk agreeing here, without agreeing there ; but, sure of the latter, I can find here, in the purses of my friends, all the money I shall want,

as I have told you in a former letter. Let your answer be sent securely to De Rocquet ; he will convey it to me. Let this come as soon as you can. Make it on good grounds ; and such will be your word of honour on my part, and the purchasers, for the purchase at such a sum. £26,000 I wish to have: £25,000 I will take ; the difference of a thousand pounds is not great ; and yet in the plan I have formed, (and pare as close as possible,) it is considerable. If these *pour-parlers* produce any other propositions, you will be so good as to let me know them, for I must turn myself some way or other. Once more, you need not apprehend that I shall enter into any engagements here, unless I am previously sure of selling Dawley. My last letter to you by Leveson acquaints you, that I can find in the purses of my friends here, as much money as I want, without any other security than I can give here, and that is, my word ; but far be it from me to risk that word. If I lose the opportunities that are open at present, and fall back into absolute uncertainty about the settlement of my affairs in any tolerable manner, either for my life, or for my death, there can be nothing worse for me ; and, in this case, I know not whether the best thing I can do, will not be to take a journey into England in the month of May. If any receivable offers are made, I may conclude at once ; if

none, I may take new measures: and if I will live on my capital, I may do so at Dawley in a very retired manner, as well as at Augeville: This is a party I should not *chuse*, but will *take*, if no other present itself; and I shall explain my scheme further to you hereafter.

I had written thus far, when Bouillard received a letter of a very fresh date from Brinsden, wherein he says that Mrs. Wyndham has the small-pox. I am unspeakably touched with the news; I pray GOD preserve her for her own sake, and for yours. It would be cruel to trouble you, when you have so great a load of concern upon you, any further about my affairs. I will conclude, therefore, with assurances of the part your two friends here take in your affliction, with our hearty and warmest wishes that the poor young lady may escape. We both embrace you, and make our best compliments to my Lady Blandford. B.

LETTER V.

*From Lord BOLINGBROKE to Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM.**

DEAR SIR, *Augeville, Aug. 8, 1740.*

I Feel as I ought to do, the kindness you shew me in sending a servant on purpose

* Son of Sir Wm. Wyndham, afterwards Lord Egremont.

with a letter, which gives me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving, since the loss we have sustained by the death of your father, and my friend. You are in the right, and I love you the better for the sentiment; it is reputation to be descended from so great and so good a man; and surely it is *some*, to have lived thirty years with him in the warmest and most attentive friendship. Far from having any need of making any excuses that you did not write the cruel news to me, when you sent it to Lady Denbigh, I have thanks to return you for sparing me, as you spared yourself. The news came to me with less surprise, but not with less effect. My unhappiness (for such it will be as long as I am able to feel pleasure and pain) began, however, a little later. It is a plain truth, free from all affectation or compliment, that as your father was dearer to me than all the rest of the world, so must every thing be that remains of him. You, Sir, especially, who are as dear to my heart as you would be, if, being the same worthy man you are, you were my own son.

The resolutions you have taken, both as to public and private life, are such as become the son and successor of Sir William Wyndham. To be a friend to your country, is to be what he *was* eminently: it is to be what he would have recommended you to be, even with his dying

breath, if the nature of his distemper had permitted such an effort. He thought his country on the brink of ruin; and that monarchical or free constitution of government, wherein the glory and happiness of the nation consisted, at the point of being dissolved and sacrificed to the support of a weak and wicked administration; but he thought that the greater this distress was, the more incumbent and the more pressing the duty of struggling to prevent or to alleviate it became. One of the last things he had said to me the day before he left this place was, that he did not expect to live to see Britain restored to a flourishing and secure state, but that he would die in labouring to procure that happiness to those he should leave behind him. Complain not of your talents; it is a great talent to dare to be honest in such an age as this; nature has given you many, your own industry may improve them, and acquire more; but integrity and firmness of mind must give lustre and vigour to them all. I am quite unable to suggest any thing to you relative to your conduct in Somersetshire, neither can you want any hints on that subject; or if you did, my Lord Gower would be able to advise you much better, and on better information and observation than it is possible for me to have. Consult him, dear Sir Charles, and hearken to him on every subject, as to a wise

and virtuous friend. I give you the counsel I would take myself, if I were in your scene of action at more than twice your age.

Whenever I can be of use to you, by informing and advising, or by any other way whatsoever, this service shall be paid you with all the affection of my heart, and all the powers of my mind or body. I owe it you. I owe it to the memory of your dear father.

The flights I take from this place are rare, and never long in time or distance: if, therefore, you are so good as to make me a visit, take your own time; you will find me at home, or, as we use to say, within call. Your tenderness and respect for my Lady Blandford cannot be too much commended, and I am sure you will persist in them. Give the strongest assurances of mine, I beseech you, both to my Lady, Mrs. Wyndham, and to Lady Denbigh, if she be with you, as I suppose she will, when this comes to your hands.

I had talked largely to your father on the subject on which I wrote to him in the letter that Mr. Brinsden put into your hands; and had convinced him, that Mr. Percy lost his time now at Winchester. You may be, perhaps, in the same mind; and if you are so, you must send him to Oxford as soon as you can conveniently. But I will enter no further into the matter, since it will be one subject of our conversations when

we have them. I will only desire you to put the young man in mind of me, as of one who loves him, and wishes his happiness. If I am alive when he has finished the course of his studies at Oxford, you may perhaps let him make me a visit, before he goes into another course of study abroad, as I think it would be greatly for his improvement to do. I shall be glad to see him once more before I die, and I scarce induce myself to think that I shall have that satisfaction in England.

Do not imagine that a letter from you can appear long to me, and especially when every line of it holds a language that affects my heart in the most sensible manner. Not to trust it to the post, you were right; for there are men in the world, who will draw poison, like spiders, out of every thing. I know not whether the allusion I make be a fact, but that I allude to, is one most certainly.

Adieu, dear Sir Charles! May all your father's virtues dwell in you; may you succeed to his reputation! and may the reward of his merit, (as the attachment of it will undoubtedly) attend you!

These are the sentiments of one to whom his memory and your person are equally dear. I can use no stronger expression, and I think this as strong as I can express it. B.

LETTER VI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Sir CHAS. WYNDHAM.

DEAR SIR,

December 2, 1740.

I Answer your letter of the 22d of October, which came to my hand but very lately. It is true that my health received this summer several shocks, and they were not a little aggravated by the severe blow which the death of your father gave me. Assure yourself that I will deserve the place you give me in your affection and confidence, by the same friendship that I bore your father, (and greater no heart can give;) and by the same zeal for your honour and interest in every circumstance of life. Some use I may be of to you, by the long experience I have had of men and things, and especially at your first setting out in higher life than you have been in hitherto, and before you have acquired that experience yourself. To profit by other men's experience, is to purchase knowledge of the world at the cheapest rate; and if mine can be in that manner useful to you, I shall think the price it cost so much the less exorbitant. You judged right, most certainly, in conducting yourself as you did at Wells; and the reflections you make on the probable consequences of your

conduct, are right, too, in my opinion. You see, by this instance, how void of sense and sentiment the mob of men called *party* is; they must not, however, be neglected; every one of them is a cypher; but a multitude of cyphers, with a unit added to them, make a great sum. Be assured, dear Sir Charles, that the great support of integrity, in a country like ours especially, is independency. It is for this reason, that I feel more joy than it is possible for me to express, in reading that part of your letter, wherein you appear so determined to preserve your independency, by that economy which may easily be preserved by you, without refusing yourself any one of the pleasures of life. Refuse yourself only the follies of life, those engaging follies, those that every man, upon the least reflection, acknowledges to be such. I ask no more; and this you not only grant, but prescribe to yourself.

I should have extreme pleasure in seeing you here, but I beg you not to think of coming with the least inconveniency, nor the least neglect of things that ought to be the immediate objects of your care. I do not suspect that Walpole can hinder you from being chosen at Bridgewater; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am persuaded you will be chosen no where, rather than be chosen by him any where. Your

father would have thought so; for your father looked upon that man as the principal cause of all our national misfortunes.

I hear Percy is gone to Oxford, and I am glad of it. Do not forget to throw him into that course of study I mentioned to your father, and which he approved; for else, though applied to his studies, he may lose his time at Oxford, as well as at Winchester. Have still in view to make him acquire a competent knowledge of the Roman law, and for that purpose send him into Holland, after he has been long enough at Oxford; upon which particular, if you talk with Lord Marchmont, you will be well advised. I have made all the compliments you desired me to make, and am charged with the care of returning them. Make mine, I beseech you, to my Lady, and to Mrs. Wyndham. Adieu, dear Sir Charles.

B.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE celebrity of ALEXANDER POPE, precludes the necessity of giving any particulars respecting a character, whose life has been the subject of so many able specimens of English biography. The late admirable edition of his works, by "that sweetest son of modern song," the accomplished W. L. Bowles, has given to the public all that they can now expect to know of Pope and his works. The taste and discrimination of Dr. Joseph Warton had before well appreciated the merit of Pope as a poet, and allotted him his proper station among British bards: "Where then," says he, "according to the question proposed at the beginning of this Essay, shall we with justice be authorized to place our admired poet? Not, assuredly, in the same rank with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa*, and *Rape of the Lock*; but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of men they contain, we may venture to assign him a place *next* to Milton, and *just* above Dryden. Yet to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget, for a moment, the divine *Music Ode of Dryden*; and may then, perhaps, be compelled to confess, that though Dryden be the greater *genius*, yet *Pope* is the better *artist*." *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, p. 404. Of

the *prose* compositions of Pope, the public estimation has been neither so general nor unqualified as of his poetry. "His *Letters*," Johnson says, "if considered merely as compositions, seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affectation* and *ambition*; to know whether he disentangled himself from the perversion of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison." *Works*, vol. ii. p. 157. Whatever praises, however, may be considered as due to Pope's epistolary compositions, the following letters will have much value in the eye of the public, as completing a correspondence, a part of which only has hitherto been published. Many of our poet's letters to Judge Fortescue appear in the later editions of his works; but those now printed have escaped all his editors. They were reserved among the papers of the venerable, great, and good Richard Reynolds, esq; of Bristol; a name of such well-known and exalted worth, and universal estimation, as render any further description unnecessary, and all eulogy superfluous. The Editor has to return her grateful acknowledgments to one of the most perfect of human beings, his near relative, for their communication.

LETTER VII.

To WM. FORTESCUE, Esq; at Fallapit, near
Kingsbridge, Devonshire.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 10, 1724.

I Heartily thank you for yours; and the rather, because you are so kind as to employ me, though but in little matters; I take it as an earnest you would do so in greater.

As to the house of preparation for the small-pox, why should it not be my own? It is entirely at your service, and I fancy two beds, or three upon necessity, (besides, your servants may be disposed of in the next house to me,) will amply furnish your family.

It is true, the small-pox has been in Twitnam, but is pretty well gone off. I can't find any village more free from it so near London, except that of Petersham, where I hear it has not been; but I'll further inform myself, upon your next notice.

As to the receipt of Sir Stephen Fox's eyewater, which I have found benefit from, it is very simple, and only this: Take a pint of camphorated spirit of wine, and infuse thereinto two scruples of elder flowers. Let them remain in it, and wash your temples, and the nape of your

neck, but do not put it into your eyes, for it will smart abominably.

When you have taken breath for a week or two, and had the full possession of that blessed indolence which you so justly value, after your long labours and peregrinations, I hope to see you here again; first exercising the paternal care, and exemplary in the tender offices of a *pater familias*, and then conspicuous in the active scenes of business; eloquent at the bar, and wise in the chamber of council, the future honour of your native Devon; and to fill as great a part in the history of that county for your sagacity and gravity in the laws, as Esquire Bickford is likely to do for his many experiments in natural philosophy.

I am forced to dispatch this by the post, which is going, or else I could not have forborne to expatiate upon what I last mentioned. I must now only give Mr. Bickford my services, and join 'em to those I shall ever offer to your own family.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithfulest, affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

Gay was well five days ago, at Chiswick.

LETTER VIII.

To WM. FORTESCUE, *esq;* at *Fallapit*, near
Totnes, Devon.

[FROM GAY AND POPE.]

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 23, 1725.

I Am again returned to Twickenham, upon the news of the person's death you wrote to me about. I cannot say I have any great prospect of success; but the affair remains yet undetermined, and I cannot tell who will be his successor. I know I have sincerely your good wishes upon all occasions. One would think that my friends use me to disappointments, to try how many I could bear; if they do so, they are mistaken; for as I don't expect much, I can never be much disappointed. I am in hopes of seeing you in town the beginning of October, by what you writ to Mr. Pope; and sure your father will think it reasonable that Miss Fortescue should not forget her French and dancing. Dr. Arbuthnot has been at the point of death by a severe fit of illness, an imposthuation in the bowels; it hath broke, and he is now pretty well recovered. I have not seen him since my return from Wiltshire, but intend to go to town the latter end of the week.

I have made your compliments to Mrs. Howard this morning: she indeed put me in mind of it, by enquiring after you. Pray make my compliments to your sisters and Mrs. Fortescue; Mr. Pope desires the same.

Your's, most affectionately,

J. G.

“Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed,” was the ninth beatitude which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in gaol) added to the eighth; I have long ago preached this to our friend; I have *preached* it, but the world and his other friends *held it forth*, and exemplified it. They say, Mr. Walpole has friendship, and keeps his word; I wish he were our friend's friend, or had ever promised him any thing.

You seem inquisitive of what passed when Lord Peterborow spirited him hither, without any suspicion of mine. Nothing extraordinary, for the most extraordinary men are nothing before their masters; and nothing, but that Mr. Walpole swore by G—D, Mrs. Howard should have the grounds she wanted from V—n. Nothing would be more extraordinary, except a statesman made good his promise or oath, (as very probably he will.) If I have any other very extraordinary thing to tell

you, it is this, that I have never since returned Sir R. W.'s visit. The truth is, I have nothing to ask of him; and I believe he knows that nobody follows him *for nothing*. Besides, I have been very sick, and sickness (let me tell you) makes one above a minister, who cannot cure a fit of a fever or ague. Let me also tell you, that no man who is lame, and cannot stir, will wait upon the greatest man upon earth; and lame I was, and still am, by an accident which it will be time enough to tell you when we meet, for I hope it will be suddenly. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me a true well-wisher to all your's, and ever your faithful, affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

Twitnam, Sept. 23, 1725.

LETTER IX.

To WM. FORTESCUE, esq; at his house in Bell-Yard, near Lincoln's Inn, London.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, May 10.*

I Thank you for your constant memory of me, which upon every occasion you shew; when (GOD knows) my daily infirmities make me hardly capable of shewing, though very much so of feeling, the concerns of a friend. I am glad your family are well arrived; and your taking

care first to tell me so, before I enquired, is a proof you know how glad I am of yours, and their welfare. I intended to tell *you* first how kind Sir R. Walpole has been to me; for you must know, he *did* the thing with more despatch than I could use in *acknowledging or telling* the the news of it. Pray thank him for obliging *you* (that is, *me*) so readily, and do it in strong terms, for I was aukward in it, when I just mentioned it to him. He may think me a worse man than I am, though he thinks me a better poet perhaps; and he may not know I am much more his servant, than those who would flatter him in their verses. I have more esteem for him, and will stay till he is out of power, (according to my custom,) before I say what I think of him. It puts me in mind of what was said to him once before by a poet: "In power, your servant; out of power, your friend;" which a critic (who knew that poet's mind) said, should be altered thus: "In power, your friend; but out of power, your servant; such most "poets are!" But if Sir R. ever finds me the first low character, let him expect me to become the second. In the mean time I hope he will believe me his, in the same sincere disinterested manner that I am,

Dear Sir, your's,

A. POPE.

Next Sunday I expect some company here, but that need not hinder you from a night's lodging in the country, if you like it.

LETTER X.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

DEAR SIR,

Twickenham, Friday.

I Am in the condition of an old fellow of threescore, with a complication of diseases upon me, a constant head-ache, ruined tone of the stomach, &c. Some of these succeed, the moment I get quit of others; and upon the whole, indeed, I am in a very uncomfutable way. I could have wished to see you, but cannot. I wish you all health, wherever you go. Pray, if you can, do not forget to try to procure the annuity for life for £1000, which I recommended to you in behalf of a Lady of our acquaintance. Make my sincere services to all yours as acceptable as they are sincere.

I am, dear Sir, your's affectionately,

A. POPE.

If you have an opportunity, pray give my services to Sir R. W. whom I will wait upon the first Sunday I am able.

LETTER XI.

To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, *Twittenham, Feb. 17, 1726.*

I Was sorry I missed of you the other day when you called; I was gone to Mrs. Howard's, as I told you. I send you part of what wholly belongs to you, and, as the world's justice goes, that is a fair composition; I mean some of the Devonshire pease. If the ring be done, pray give it the bearer. I intend to wear it for life, as a melancholy memorandum of a most honest, worthy man. I told you I dined t'other day at Sir Robert Walpole's. A thing has happened since which gives me uneasiness, from the indiscretion of one who dined there at the same time; one of the most innocent words that ever I dropped in my life, has been reported out of that conversation, which might reasonably seem odd, if ever it comes to Sir R.'s ears. I will tell it you the next time we meet; as I would him, if I had seen him since; and 'twas not (otherwise) of weight enough to trouble him about. We live in unlucky times, when half one's friends are enemies to the other, and consequently care not that any equal moderate man

should have more friends than they themselves have. Believe me, dear Sir,

Most affectionately your's,

A. POPE.

LETTER XII.

To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, *Esq;* at Fallapit
in Devonshire.

DEAR SIR,

September 13.

I Take your letter the more kindly, as I had not written to you myself; at least it must have been so, for all you could know; for though indeed I did write once, yet I know it never reached you. I am sorry for poor White, who died just then. I could wish, if you are not fixed on a successor, you had a relation of mine in your eye; but this, I fear, is a hundred to one against my hopes. I am truly glad you have safely performed your revolution, and are now turning round your own axle in Devonshire; from whence may we soon behold you roll towards our world again! I can give you no account of Gay, since he was ruffled for, and won back by his Dutchess, but that he has been in her vortex ever since, immoveable to appearance, yet I be-

lieve with his head turning round upon some work or other. But I think I should not in friendship conceal from you a fear, or a kind-hearted jealousy, he seems to have entertained, from your never having called upon him in town, or corresponded with him since. This he communicated to me in a late letter, not without the appearance of extreme concern on his part, and all the tenderness imaginable on yours. This whole summer I have passed at home; my mother eternally relapsing, yet not quite down; her memory so greatly decayed, that I am forced to attend to every thing, even the least cares of the family, which, you'll guess, to me is an inexpressible trouble, added to the melancholy of observing her condition.

I have seen Sir R. W. but once since you left. I made him then my confidant in a complaint against a lady, of his, and one of my, acquaintance, who is libelling me, as she certainly one day will him, if she has not already. You'll easily guess I am speaking of Lady Mary. I should be sorry if she had any credit or influence with him, for she would infallibly use it to bely me; though my only fault towards her was, leaving off her conversation when I found it dangerous. I think you vastly too ceremonious to Mrs. Patty, but I shewed her what you wrote. I beg your family's acceptance of my heartiest services, and

their belief that no man wishes them and you more warmly all prosperity, than, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,

A. POPE.

I've only seen Mrs. Howard twice since I saw you, but hear she is very well, since she took to water drinking. If you have any correspondence at Lincoln or Peterborough, a friend of mine desires to procure a copy of Mr. —'s last will.

LETTER XIII.

To Wm. Fortescue, Esq; to be left at his house in Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn, London.

DEAR SIR,

March 18, 1732.

I Am sorry you partook of the trouble of the Excise Bill; and as sorry I did not know of your coming, though but for two days, for I would have come up just to see you. It had been very kind, if you could have layn here in your way; but this is past, and may all the future be prosperous with you as I wish it! As to that poem, which I do not, and must not, own, I beg your absolute and inviolable silence. You

will see more of it in another week, and that too I shall keep private. It is so far from a mortification to do *any good thing*, (if this be so, and indeed I mean it so,) and enjoy only one's own consciousness of it, that I think it the highest gratification. On the contrary, the *worst things* I do, are such as I would constantly own, and stand the censure of. It is an honest proceeding, and worthy a guiltless man. You may be certain I shall never reply to such a libel as Lady Mary's. 'Tis a pleasure and a comfort at once to find, that with so much mind as so much malice must have, to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix upon no one ill or immoral thing in my life, and must content itself to say, my poetry is dull, and my person ugly. I wish you would take an opportunity to represent to the person who spoke to you about that lady, that her conduct no ways deserves *encouragement* from him, or any other great persons; and that the good name of a private subject ought to be as sacred, even to the highest, as his behaviour towards them is irreproachable, legal, and respectful. What you writ of his intimation on that head, shall never pass my lips.

Mr. Bl— is your faithful servant, and much obliged to your care. My mother, I thank GOD, is free and easy. I never had better health than of late, and hope I shall have long life, because

I am much threatened. Adieu! and know me
ever for, dear Sir,

Your most sincerely affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XIV.

To WM. FORTESCUE, Esq; in Bell-Yard, near
Lincoln's Inn, London.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, Feb. 1732-3.

I Had written to you before, as well
as sent; had I not hoped this day, or last night,
to have seen you here. I am sorry for your
complaints of ill health, and particularly of your
eyes; pray be very careful not to increase your
cold. I will infallibly, if I can't see you sooner,
be with you in the middle of the week. I am
at all times desirous to meet you, and have this
winter been often dissatisfied to do it so seldom.
I wish you a judge, that you may sleep and be
quiet; *ut in otia tuta recedas*, but *otium cum dig-
nitate*: have you seen my imitation of Horace?
I fancy it will make you smile; but though, when
first I began it, I thought of you; before I came
to end it, I considered it might be too ludicrous,

to a man of your situation and grave acquaintance, to make you Trebatius, who was yet one of the most considerable lawyers of his time, and a particular friend of a poet. In both which circumstances I rejoice that you resemble him, but am chiefly pleased that you do it in the latter.

Dear Sir, adieu! and love me as I do you.

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XV.

To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR,

June 7,* 1733.

IT is indeed a grief to me, which I cannot express, and which I should hate my own heart, if I did not feel, and yet wish no friend I have ever should feel. All our passions are inconsistencies, and our very reason is no better. But we are what we were made to be. Adieu! it will be a comfort to me to see you on Saturday night.

Believe me, dear Sir, your's,

A. POPE.

* The day on which Mr. Pope's mother died.

LETTER XVI.

To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR,

August 2, 1735.

I Had sooner written to you, but that I wished to send you some account of my own and of your affairs in my letter. This day determines both ; for we cannot find out who is the pirater of my works, therefore cannot move for an injunction, (though they are sold over all the town;) that injury I must sit down with, though the impression cost me above £200, as the case yet stands, there being above half the impression unsold. Curl is certainly in it, but we can get no proof. He has done me another injury, in propagating lies in Fog's Journal of Saturday last, which I desire you to see, and consider if not matter for an information. One Mr. Gandy, an attorney, writes me word, Mr. Cruwys is too busy to attend my little affairs, and that you approve of his being employed for him. Now, as to your business, I write this from your house ; the windows will be done, and a stone chimney-piece up, by the end of next week. I will see all effected, and order the painting after. I have paid the fisherman.

I have exercised hospitality plentifully these twenty days, having entertained many of mine, and some of Lady S.'s, friends. There is a greater court now at Marble hill than at Kensington, and GOD knows when it will end. Mrs. Blount is your hearty humble servant, and Lady S. returns you all compliments. Make mine to your whole family, when you write. I dine to-day with some of your friends, and shall give your services in the evening to Lord Hay. The town has nothing worth your hearing or care; it is a wretched place to me, for there is not a friend in it. The news is supposed to be very authentic, that the Persians have killed sixty thousand Turks. I am sorry that the sixty thousand Turks are killed, and should be just as sorry if the sixty thousand Persians had been killed; almost as sorry as if they had been so many Christians.

Dear Sir, adieu! As soon as you get home, pray contrive (if you can) to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720. I may derive great service from seeing them in the chronological order; and I find my collection, such as it is, must be hastened, or will not be so effectual. May all health and happiness follow you in your circuit, and, at the end of it, with repose to join them; and then, I think, you'll

have all that is worth living for in this world; for as for fame, it is neither worth living for, or dying for. I am truly, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend, and affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

From the Vineyards, Aug. 2.

Pray, when you write to Mr. Curwys, enquire if he has not forgot Mrs. Blount's arrear from her brother of £25, due last Lady-Day.

LETTER XVII.

To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

March 26, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter was not more kind than entertaining, in the agreeable description of Monmouth and its situation. And what you tell me of your own temper of mind, in the present discharge of your office, I feel very lively with and for you. It is a dreadful duty, yet a noble one; and the hero you thought so much of at Monmouth, had, or ought to have had, his glory overcast and saddened, with the same reflection: how many of his own species he sentenced to death, in every battle he gave. I am not so clear in his character, as in that of

Edward the Third. There seems a little too much of a turn to vanity, and knight (king errantry, I would say,) in his motives of quarrel with the Dauphine of France. And it appears by some of the Monkish historians, that he was much a bigot, and persecuted hotly for religion. After all, your office of a judge is more conscientious, and tends much more directly to public welfare. You may certainly, with a better title than any conqueror, sleep heartily, provided it be not upon the bench. You guessed rightly, (I should now say rather, you judged rightly,) when you supposed this weather was too fine to be sacrificed in London, where the sun shines on little else than vanity; but I have paid for taking my pleasure in it too exorbitantly. The sun at this season, and in this climate, is not to be too much depended on. *Miseri quibus intentata nites!* may be applied to the favours and smiles of the English planet, as properly as to those of an Italian lady.

The matter of my complaint is, that it has given me a rheumatism in one arm to a violent degree, which lies useless and painful on one side of this paper, while the other is endeavouring to converse with you at this distance. GOD knows, if your family be across the water just now, I shall not be able once to see them there. But it is not five days ago, that they were in London,

at that filthy old place Bell-yard, which you know I want them and you to quit. I was to see them one of the only two days I have been in town this fortnight. Your too partial mention of the book of Letters, with all its faults and follies, which Curl printed and spared not, (nor yet will spare, for he has published a fourth sham volume yesterday,) makes one think it may not be amiss to send you, what I know you will be much more pleased with than I can be, a proposal for a correct edition of them; which at last I find must be *offered*, since people have misunderstood an advertisement I printed some time ago, merely to put some stop to that rascal's books, as a promise that I would publish such a book. It is therefore *offered* in this manner; but I shall be just as well *satisfied*, (if the public will,) without performing the offer. I have nothing to add, but that Mrs. Blount, whose health you shew a kind regard to, is better, and Lady S. well. May health attend you and quiet; and a good conscience will give you every other joy of life, how many rogues soever you sentence to death. 'Tis a hard task! but a harder to mankind, were they unpunished, and left in society. I pity you, and wish it may happen as seldom as possible.

Your's, sincerely,

A. POPE.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Hon. WILLIAM FORTESCUE.

DEAR SIR,

July 31, 1738.

IT was my intention sooner to have told you, of what, I know, is the news a friend chiefly desires, my own state of health. But I waited these three weeks almost, to give you a better account than I can yet do; for I have suffered a good deal from many little ailments, that don't altogether amount to a great disease, and yet render life itself a sort of one.

I have never been in London but one day since I parted from you, when I saw Mr. Spooner and the rest of yours; and this day I took it into my head they might be at the Vineyard. I went thither, but Mrs. Shepherd told me, in a voice truly lugubrious, that nobody had seen her walls since you were last there. I comforted her over a dish of tea, and recommended her to read Milton on all such occasions of worldly disappointments.

I went home, and drank Sir Robert's health with T. Gordon; for that day I was left alone, my Lord Bolingbroke being sent for to London, who has stayed with me otherwise constantly since his arrival in England, and proposes (to

my great satisfaction) to do so, while he remains on this side the water. It is great pleasure to me that I never saw him better, and that quiet and hunting, together, have repaired his health so well. Your friend Sir Robert has but one of these helps; but I remember when I saw him last, which was the last time, he sent to desire me, he told me he owed his strength to it. You see I have made him a second compliment in print in my second Dialogue, and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him with Lord Bol—. As he shews a right sense of this, I may make him a third, in my third Dialogue.

I should be glad to hear of any place, or thing, that pleases you in your progress. Lord Burlington was very active in issuing orders to his gardener, to attend you with pine-apples: he goes into Yorkshire next week.

Pray remember me to Mr. Murray. You need not tell him I admire and esteem him, but pray assure him that I love him.

I am, sincerely, dear Sir, your's,

A. POPE.

LETTER XIX.

*To the Hon. Mr. Justice WM. FORTESCUE, in
Bell-Yard, near Lincoln's Inn, London.*

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 17, 1739.

I Was truly concerned, at my return from my rambles, (which was a whole week longer than I intended, or could prevent,) to hear from Mrs. Blount, how ill you had been; worse than really you had told me in your kind letter. I called at your house a day or two, but mist the ladies; but the servants told me they had heard twice from you, and that you was much better. I hope it proved so; and that as your journey advanced, your strength did the same. I wished to hear more of you; and now desire it, that I may no longer want the knowledge how you find yourself. I dined yesterday with Jervas upon a venison pasty, where we drank your health warmly, but as temperately, as to the liquor, as you could yourself: for neither he nor I are well enough to drink wine; he for his asthmatic, and I for another complaint, that persecutes me much of late.

Mrs. Blount is not yet at Richmond, which she is sorry for, as well as I; but I think she goes

to-morrow: and she told me she would give you some account of herself, the moment she was under your roof. She expected I could have informed her of your state of health, and almost quarrelled with me that I had not writ sooner. Indeed I forget no old friend a day together; and I bear you, in particular, all the goodwill and good wishes I can harbour for any one; though as to writing, I grow more and more remiss. The whole purpose of it is only to tell, now and then, one is alive; and to encourage one's friends to tell us the same, in the consciousness of loving and being loved by each other. All news, if important, spreads of itself; and, if unimportant, wastes time and paper; few things can be related as certain truths, and to hunt for pretty things belongs to fops and Frenchmen. Party stories are the business of such as serve their own interests by them, or their own passions. Neither of all these is my case, so that I confine myself to meer howd'yes, and repeated assurances that I am concerned to know what I ask of my friends. Let me, then, sometimes be certified of your ways and welfare; mine are pretty uniform, neither much mended nor worse. But such as I ever was, I am; and I ever was, and shall be, dear Sir,

Faithfully your's,

A. POPE.

GEORGE CHEYNE, M. D.

THE writer of the following letters, Dr. GEORGE CHEYNE, was a physician of considerable eminence, and singular character; descended from a good family in Scotland, where he was born in 1671. Being at first intended by his parents for the church, he received a regular and liberal education; and passed his youth in close study, and in almost continual application to the abstracted sciences; in which pursuits his chief pleasure consisted. From some cause, which does not appear, the plan of entering into the Church was relinquished; and young Cheyne was placed at Edinburgh, where he studied physic under the celebrated Dr. Pitcairne, whom he stiles his great master, and generous friend; and having taken the degree of Doctor of Physic, he repaired to London, when he was about thirty years of age, to practise as a physician. Possessed of a lively imagination, a cheerful temper, and much acquired knowledge, he was greatly caressed, and almost insensibly led from those habits of temperance and abstinence, which he had imposed upon himself in early life, from the opinion he had formed of his own delicacy of constitution. In a few years, however, he found that this mode of free living was very injurious to his health; he grew excessively fat, short-breathed, listless, and lethargic. In the course of a short time, he was suddenly seized with a vertiginous paroxysm, so alarming in its nature, as to approach nearly to a fit of apoplexy. His spirits became affected: he left off suppers; confined himself at dinner to a very small quantity of ani-

mal food; and drank very sparingly of any fermented liquors. This change in his health and habits rendered him a less acceptable companion to the jovial *bon vivans* with whom he had lately associated; and he soon after retired into the country, where he exchanged light and dissipated pursuits, for the more solid satisfaction of studying some of our most able and valuable theological writers. He had never, even in his freer moments, deserted the great principles of natural religion; but in his present retirement, he made divine revelation the more immediate object of his attention.

Although Dr. Cheyne's health improved greatly, from the change of situation and low living, his complaints were not entirely eradicated; and he was persuaded by his medical and other friends to try the effect of Bath; whither he removed, and for some time felt himself considerably relieved by drinking the Water, and adopting a milk diet. He now practised as a physician in the summer at Bath, and during the winter in London, applying himself more particularly to chronic, and especially to low, nervous cases: at this period of his life, he generally rode on horseback ten or fifteen miles every day. Dr. Cheyne published a great number of treatises, essays, tracts, &c. &c.; and a spirit of piety and benevolence, and an ardent zeal for the interests of virtue, are predominant throughout his writings. An amiable candour and ingenuousness, also, are discernible; and which led him to retract whatever appeared to him to be censurable in what he had formerly advanced. He had great reputation, in his own time, both as a physician and a writer. Some of the metaphysical notions which are to be found in his works, may, perhaps, be thought fanciful, and ill grounded; but there is an agreeable vivacity in his productions, together with much openness and frankness, and in general great perspicuity.

One of Dr. Cheyne's resolutions, to which he endeavoured constantly to adhere, ought never to be forgotten, "—to neglect nothing to secure his eternal peace, any more than if he had been certified he should die within the day; nor to mind any thing that his secular obligations and duties demanded of him, less than if he had been insured to live fifty years." That he had some enemies, and knew how to treat them, will appear in the following lines :

*Dr. WYNTER to Dr. CHEYNE, on his Books in
favour of Vegetable Diet.*

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that *milk* is good,
And say the same of *grass* ;
The one for *babes* is only food,
The other for an *ass*.

Doctor ! one new prescription try,
(A friend's advice forgive ;)
Eat *grass*, reduce thyself, and *die* ;
Thy *patients*, then, may *live*.

*Dr. CHEYNE to Dr. WYNTER, in answer to the
foregoing.*

My system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend :
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But *yours* your dearest friend.

Were *you* to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be ;
Perhaps you might *regain* your *mind*,
And from your *wit* get *free*.

I cannot your prescription *try*,
 But heartily "*forgive*;"
 'Tis nat'ral you should bid *me die*,
 That you yourself may *live*!

The following account of his decease, and sketch of Dr. Cheyne's character, appeared in one of the papers of the day: "Wednesday April 13, 1743, died at Bath, "in the 71st year of his age, that learned physician, "sound Christian, deep scholar, and warm friend, "Dr. George Cheyne; so well known by his mathe- "matical, as well as physical works, that nothing need "be said as to his public character; and as to his pri- "vate only this, that those who best knew him, most "loved him, which must be the felicity of every man "who values himself more upon the goodness of his "heart, than the clearness of his head; and yet Dr. "Cheyne's works shew how much he excelled in both."

Dr. Cheyne had a brother, who was rector of Weston, near Bath, and both are buried in that church.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. CHEYNE to S. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, Dec. 18, 1740.*

I Had answered your last very obliging letter sooner, but was willing to finish that paper I promised, to enlarge your new edition of Travels through England. I think the natural histories of some of the counties published, such as Camden's,

Haylen's *Cosmography*, *Rapin*, and the lives of the new edition of *Bayle*, might furnish out materials, under any industrious hand, to make it a very saleable and entertaining book to the middling class of gentry, who want it most, and buy most. But I wonder you make your modern books in so small a type, and on so bad a paper; it must certainly disgust many, particularly the tender-eyed and old, who chiefly read books; and it gives an ill impression of a book, before its character is established. It is the only thing, indeed, I have to complain of in *Pamela*, which entertained me and all mine (for which I thank you) extremely. It will certainly sell vastly well, and I hope do a great deal of good. All my acquaintace, to whom I have recommended it, are much pleased and entertained with it. It is really finely wrought up, and delicately imagined in many incidents; and I never thought you master of so much wit and gallantry as are couched in it. It will do no dishonour either to your head or your heart.

Mr. Bertram, when he went hence, told me, he had been commissioned by Mr. Rivington- to ask me when I would make up his loss in the last book I printed, which he said I promised him. I will certainly make good all my promises to a tittle; but when I did promise, I had then no fear that he would be a loser, as he

now says he will. The favour I now beg of you is, to settle the matter with him; and let all he has in hand, unbound, with the remainder of the sheets, be packed up, and a fair account be stated; and I promise him to pay his demands on sight, and for ever bid adieu to book-writing, and book-selling. If you'll be so good to adjust this matter, and let the sheets lie by you, packed up, until I can dispose of them, which shall be soon, it will be extremely obliging. It is the first of this kind, and shall be the last, though I have several things finished by me; but I am much of Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion; and booksellers shall not have my lucubrations to fringe the rails of Bedlam with; though I still swear, *that* is the best book I ever wrote, however unpopular.

I am sincerely yours,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

Let me hear when this is settled.

LETTER XXI.

Dr. CHEYNE to S. RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, August 14, 1741.

I Have seen your letter to Mr. Leake, and read your two first sheets; and have in a

few places, scratched with my pencil, where I think you may reconsider ; but I am not a proper judge of expression, and it will only serve to make you reflect on properly. I think you are right to begin with the least interesting parts, and rise gradually on the reader. I know not the plan you have laid down to yourself, and consequently cannot judge of the work, nor its success; but, without a plan, or drawing the outlines, no regular or finished picture can be wrought. I will honestly and plainly sketch out a few things in general, of which you will be the best judge whether they will suit your design. If I were capable of executing such a work, I would first contrive for it as many interesting incidents, either distresses naturally overcome, or good fortune unexpectedly happening, as I possibly could, and make them the subject, or at least the means, of the instruction, I intended to communicate. For example: a broken leg, a disjointed limb, a dangerous fever, happening to a husband; and then the tender care, vigilance, and active nursing, of a loving wife, when she would have an opportunity of insinuating all the noble, religious, and beautiful sentiments to a rakish or unconverted infidel; for such a season is the *mollia tempora fandi*. Your own fruitful imagination can work up more episodes of this nature, than I can here describe.

Secondly; I would pick out all the great events of conjunct lives, and insinuate proper behaviour under them. The death of a favourite child; a sudden conflagration, of one's own, or one's neighbour's, favourite seat; an epidemical distemper; a severe winter; a famine, &c.; quarrels amongst neighbours and friends, and the like great and unexpected events, probably developed; always beget attention in the reader, and naturally convey instruction.

Thirdly; I would make my heroine convert my hero: for religion and seriousness are more the character of the woman than the man: the first is more gentle, docile, and meek, in the main; and the latter more sturdy, rough, and *esprits forts*; and therefore the heroine should be acquainted with the best, purest, and strongest writers in morality and christianity, and recommend them to her husband; especially those who write with fine taste and sentiment.

Fourthly; In particular, I think the heroine may be thrown into all the situations of the mistress of a great and opulent family; of a prudent wife; a tender and affectionate mother; a civil neighbour; a kind friend; a charitable steward to the poor; and her duty and behaviour described and pointed out in all those relations, which might contain infinite lessons for the sex.

Fifthly; You ought to avoid fondling and gallantry; tender expressions, not becoming the character of wisdom, and piety, and conjugal chastity, especially in the sex. St. Paul speaks like a polite man, as well as a deep christian. You mind, that the Tatler lashed the shoemaker in Pall-Mall, for setting out such a variety of laced shoes in his windows. You must raise your heroine into dignity and high life by just degrees; and sink your hero from a rake, a bully, and a fine pagan, into a senator first, then a philosopher, and, lastly, into a true spiritual christian.

I do not mean by all this tedious detail, that you can possibly have room or patience to work up all these characters, for that would make a system of all science; but perhaps you may pick out from hence some mementos; and you may, perhaps, have an eye to them in your going on; but avoid drawling as much as you can, and let not a long pennyful tempt you to any low or vulgar thing.

Readers love rapidity in narration; and quick returns keep them from dozing. Hitherto you have succeeded with all sober, serious readers, though but in low life. Now you are to try, and rise up into dignity and higher life. I know no difference in the sexes, but in their configuration. They are both of the same species, and

differ only in order, as, in numbers, two is after one. Your heroine you have made a gentlewoman originally, and distinguished only by some ounces of shining metal. I think it improper, therefore, that she and her parents should ever creep and hold down their heads in the dirt; but as man and wife, father and children, approach with humble decency to a par; at least, for my own sake, I should not permit it in *my* wife, had she been a milk-maid.

But enough of this rhapsody. Now as to yourself: I never wrote a book in my life, but I had a fit of illness after. Hanging down your head, and want of exercise, must increase your giddiness; the body, if jaded, will get the better of the spirits. If you look into my sheets now printing, you will find that Sir Isaac Newton, when he studied or composed, had only a loaf, a bottle of sack, and water; and took no sustenance then, but a slice of bread and a weak draught, as he found failure of spirits, from too close attention. Even in my very lowest diet of three pints of milk and six ounces of bread, in twenty-four hours, I abate one half when I study, or find my head clouded. Your friend and mine, Mr. Bertrand, tells me, you look full, puffed, short-necked, and head and face bursting with blood; as if, by your application and sedentary life, the whole system was spouted into

the head. Under such circumstances I should fear an apoplexy for you, if your moderate diet did not provide sufficiently against that; but I think seven or eight ounces of blood taken every two or three months, and the gum, assafœtida, &c. would be Bank security against it.

Your constitution is not like Dr. Hale's. You are short, round, and plump; he is taller, and very thin, but uses a great deal of exercise.

Send me down the sheets lately printed.

I am ever, dear Sir,

Most sincerely your friend,

And humble servant,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

A good library of sacred history, natural philosophy, spiritual divinity, and innocent triflers, would be very proper for your heroine; which, if you want, and cannot otherwise procure, I will help you to.

LETTER XXII.

From Dr. CHEYNE to SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Jan. 10, 1741—2.

I Have been engaged these several posts, in writing letters which lay on my hands

these holidays; and could not answer yours sooner. It is not material to your new regimen, these trimming intermissions you make in it; the only inconveniency in it is, that they continue your regret for the flesh-pots of Egypt a little longer alive; and you must absolutely die to *them*, that you may *live*. I tried all those tricks long and much, and only found they prolonged my dying pains. On experience, I found it best to do as Sir Robert said of the Bishop of Sarum, he bravely plunged to the bottom at the first jump. He who is in the fire should get out as soon as he can; either the method is necessary and safe, or it is not; if it is, the sooner the better; if it is not, time only can shew it. He that has plenty of wholesome vegetables cannot starve; and it is very odd, that what is the only antidote for distempers when one has them, should cause them when one has them not, or, at least, has them not to any dangerous degree. The coming into the regimen slowly can only postpone the distemper it may produce a few days or weeks longer; indeed, all that the voluptuous say about that, is mere farce and ridicule. As to Chandler, he was ever a voluptuary and epicure, and at venison time every year makes himself sick, dispirited, and vapourishing; and yet he was younger than you, when he entered upon it; and I am of opinion if

he had not, he had been in Bedlam long e'er now ; for he has naturally a warm imagination, and an inflamed fancy.

Dr. Hulse knows nothing of the matter. He is, indeed, a very good practitioner in drugs, and on canibals in their inflammatory distempers ; but he knows no more of nervous and cephalic diseases, than he does of the mathematics and philosophy, to which he is a great enemy, and without them little is to be made of such disorders. There may be times and seasons when a little indulgence in chicken, and a glass or two of wine, may not only be convenient, but necessary, as a person stops to take his breath in ascending a steep hill ; for example, on cold catching, a nausea, or inappetency, &c.

I can honestly assure you, all the plunges I have ever felt these twenty years, since I entered upon a low regimen, have been from my errors in quantity, and endeavouring to extend it ; and I never get quite free of them, but by pumping the excesses up by evacuation, and returning rigidly to the *lightest* and *least* I could be easy under from the anxiety of hunger ; and you will find this the surest rule to go by ; for abstinence, even under a low diet, is sometimes as necessary as under a high diet.

I find by your's, you go on timorously, grudgingly, and repiningly. It is true you are not

a physician, but you are, I hope, a christian. St. Paul kept his body *under*. Our Saviour bids us fast and pray, and deny ourselves without exception; but for this there is no need of revelation advice. If you read but what I have written on this last, in the Essay on Regimen, as the means of long life and health; or Cornaro's and Lessius's little treatise, your own good sense would readily do the rest; but you puzzle yourself with friends, relations, doctors, and apothecaries, who either know nothing of the matter; are well under a common diet; or, whose interest it is, or at least that of the craft, to keep you always ailing, or taking poisonous stuff; and so you are perplexed and disheartened. I have gone the whole road, had one of the most cadaverous and putrified constitutions that ever was known; and, I thank God, am returned safe and sound at seventy, every way well, but the incurable infirmities of age. And surely he knows the road better, who has gone to, and come from, the Cape of Good Hope, and tried all the soundings, rocks, shelves, and winds, than those who have only seen them in the map. In a word, dear Sir, I can give you, in your present state, no better advice than I have, were you my father or brother, or that my life and fortune depended on your being well. So GOD guide you well.

I have got two dozen of my last book, and am very well pleased with the print, paper, and binding. I have considered it again and again, and cannot mend it for my life, in any thing material. Perhaps the doctrine will not go quite so clearly down, so long as I myself am alive; but if men grow wiser or better, they will swallow it; and I believe, even as the world is, it will entertain as well as instruct them, having so many interesting incidents in it: so as I hope I shall have no reason to fear being used by my new booksellers as I was by my last; and if you see any of them, tell them so, if you think fit.

As to the last part of Pamela, all the fault the world has to find with it, is what I told you in my last; they say there is too much preaching in it. It is too long, too drawling, and the passions not sufficiently agitated. The booksellers here say it sells very well, but not so quick as the first.

When you write me next, let me know how many of the last book was printed; perhaps I may add to another edition, or, at least, by some additions and alterations, make them different volumes of one work; but you know, at my time of life, I can promise nothing for futurity. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. CHEYNE to SAM. RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, Jan. 14, 1742.*

YOU are a little naughty: because but once, (by having my fingers, ink, and brain frozen up by the most excessive cold weather I ever felt,) I neglected a few posts answering yours; you have been three weeks without writing to me, to let me know how it fared with you, though you knew it was one of my greatest pleasures to hear of your welfare. You was resolved only to give me *tit for tat*; however, I am pleased to hear from you even at your own, or any, rate; and answer yours the very post after, only to procure me a more speedy return. I think you are quite in the right to give over all bleeding for the future. Your blood is certainly as good as it can be; which absolutely, under GOD, secures your life, (for “in the blood is the life thereof.”) So your diet will always keep it sweet and balsamic, and your whole care is to brace your solids and nerves; but that is a very hard work, and only to be performed to a certain point or degree, at

your time of life. I wish in summer, in the long vacation, you would come and try our Lyncombe waters; they have done great service in such a case. Your great admirer, Miss Peggy, finds that benefit by them, which only Spa water supplies in this cold weather. She is just of the same standing with you in the diet. I never promised her a total cure under three years; and I fear you will want one more to carry your cure as high as it will go. Take all the exercise you conveniently can; time must do the rest, and I hope much from warm weather and next summer. One comfort you must have, that things will never be worse than they have been, and that there is no danger of life or limbs, further than a little tottering, which too will lessen. The ten days of so excessive cold weather almost deprived me of the use of all my limbs, took away my appetite, especially from milk, my only support; but, I thank GOD, since the weather has been more temperate, I have, in a great measure, recovered all again; though I fear I shall never recover my walking again to the same degree; and am forced to perform my poor limbering, tottering exercise within my house, which is neither so pleasant nor so effectual: but now I hope the worst of the winter is over, and that I shall rise again a little with the in-

sects. All my family, wife, daughters, Nanny, &c. (they are honest people) admire you; and if you had not very good women of your own, you might have your choice. Peggy says, you are the perfect original of your own Pamela; and that generosity and giving, which in others are only acquired virtues, are in you a natural passion; and as others, even the best, only like to give as much as to receive, you only like to give.

I thank you for your oysters, which we shall receive to-morrow, and your book of pluralities when it comes. I have been much distressed this low time for choice of kill-time books. The public library has afforded none of any value; and though I bribe our booksellers more than any others, they can give me nothing. I am ashamed to be always begging; but this now I think you will not grudge, since it will cost you but little. As soon as you can, send me a romance, called the Dean of Colraine. There is one part of it in English, which I have seen; I know not if the rest be translated. I would rather have it in English; but since, I believe, that can't be, if you would send me the French, you will oblige me. The first part is interesting, and much on the side of virtue.

I hear *Pope* is to beat *Cibber*, in an addition to his *Dunciad*. When it appears, I should be glad to see it with the first.

You see I am not shy with *you*. I can oblige you in nothing but my warm wishes, and those you have many titles to from,

Dear Sir, your's,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. CHEYNE to S. RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Sept. 23, 1742.

YOUR last gave a great deal of joy to me, as well as to your friends and relations. I hope truly that your case is not so bad as I at first feared, as your friends represented, and as your nervous eloquence often painted it. I am sure your constitution is sound as yet, both from your complexion, (which will always shew when it is very bad, but not always when it is perfectly good, a nervous flush often imitating a healthy blush not to be distinguished,) and from the state of your blood.

You have quite a wrong notion about the *hyp*, as in truth all but sensible physicians have. We call the *hyp* every distemper attended with lowness of spirits, whether it be from indigestion, head pains, or an universal relaxed state

of the nerves, with numbness, weakness, startings, tremblings, &c.! So that the *hypo* is only a short expression for any kind of nervous disorder, with whatever symptoms, (which are various, nay infinite,) or from whatever cause. I should really think your nervous disorder was chiefly from want of due exercise, too much head work, and great plenty: the beginning of an universal palsy, and not what your wise apothecary terms it, a hemiplegy, which is indeed a half body one, and is of the very worst kind. But I will, under GOD, insure you against it now; for, as I have often told you, when the fire is broken and scattered, the conflagration cannot rise to so great nor dangerous a height as it did before. I think you have gained a mighty point, if you can walk from Hammersmith to London down to Salisbury Square; and that, in time, will free you from the expense of coaching and chaising; for, though I think exercise absolutely necessary for you, it is no matter how; and next to riding, I prefer walking to all kinds of exercise; and though you may not be able to walk from Hammersmith to London all weather, yet with a cloak you may walk the same length in your garden, after sweeping off the snow, as I have often done, and may do still. As to your old apothecary's *soot drops*, I have often mentioned them to you; and if his be very good, keep them

by you to take as a dram, on occasion, or in any sudden plunge or lowness ; but as an alterative, to be taken by a continuance, they are of no use, but on the contrary ; and are just a dram or an opiat to gain time and quiet ; and universally, I conjure you, to take nothing from an apothecary, as long as you can do tolerably without. I beseech you, by neither doctor, apothecary, patient, or friend, be put out of this method ; and (under GOD) I will answer for the success. I am glad you have got some kind of hobby-horse in the bowls ; they are an excellent diversion. I wish you would persuade yourself to learn and delight in billiards. It is worth your while to buy a table, and good sticks, and balls. It is a charming and manly diversion ; and, (which indeed is most valuable,) is best in worst weather. Your wife, your daughter, your acquaintance, or any one, might be brought to be company, in billiards. I wish I could have gone into it. It has done Mr. Allen more service than any one thing except his diet, and is fit for all ages, conditions, and tempers ; but I have so confined myself, that I could never bear any active diversion. It might, in a short time, supply the place of a chaise to you. Think on it : if not for health, yet for frugality. I would have you, by all means, so long as the weather continues good,

get down with your friend to Salisbury. Decline no opportunity of jaunting with any secure person, that will let you take your own way; for I well know a nervous person must have his own way, both in diet, conversation, exercise, hours of rest and amusement, else he must suffer to extremity at the time, and be worse after; and had I not had this granted me by indulgent Heaven, in my situation, and with my load of distempers, I must have been extremely miserable; and all nervous persons must be indulged in these, and in short give up complying with, and conforming to, the forms and ceremonies established by custom, or other people's errors. And it is a wise contrivance in Providence to make the young, the healthy, the indigent, servants, both to break the rebelliousness of corrupt nature, and to be able to assist the old and tender, especially the nervous.

I wish you would think of employing a fit person to collect, and write a character and contents of, all the books in the English or French, that are fit to amuse and instruct the serious and virtuous valetudinarian, of whatever kind; such a catalogue, if judiciously collected by a man of virtue and taste, would be a great charity; would be well received by the virtuous and serious of all parties; would be of great service to the fair sex; and would keep many

persons from the playhouse and the tavern, and perhaps from worse places.

This would come in very aptly with the design of Pamela; and might, perhaps, be called a catalogue of her library. The character of such books should be, that they were on the side of pure virtue, without much love affairs; that they were interesting, and gently soothing the amiable passions of friendship, benevolence, and charity; and thirdly, that they had a sufficient mixture of the probable and the marvellous to keep the soul awake, and prevent its too intense thinking on its own misfortunes. Such a catalogue for England would be as useful as Bedlam is, and perhaps more so. If this were begun, great improvements might be made in it in a short time; and all the ingenious booksellers should be requested to club in it, for it would be much for their interest. I have set James Leake on it, but he can do but little in it, having neither sufficient materials, time, nor knowledge. It must come through many hands, to be what I would have it. London is the only place for it. You see how much pains I am at to amuse you, but I hope it will not lessen the compliment, when I tell you that it equally amuses myself.

With the best wishes,

I am ever, dear Sir, your's,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. CHEYNE to S. RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, Sept. 17, 1742.

I Have yours, and am glad you go on in the same tenor in the main, though not equally high and bright; that is impossible in the nature of this *Proteus* distemper; but you will be always getting ground, though not always sensibly; but you must have faith, patience, and perseverance; which, you know, are sublime, christian, as well as nervous, virtues. I really expected a plunge about the equinoxial season, as I have mostly observed in myself, and all nervous patients. The luminaries have an effect on animal juices, especially the tender and valetudinary, analogous to that they have on the ocean and atmosphere; but I hope the season is pretty well over with you.

Mr. Chandler is here. His health is high, his spirits rather fermenting than placid, his complexion fresh, and his activity infinite. He is a sensible man, and one of the fittest you can converse with. He is in perpetual motion, when he does not study; and says, walking and exercise, even delving and working, did him as

much service, or more, than the medicine, and is the next best remedy, except the diet; but I blame him, for he eats meat a little again, once or twice a week; but cannot bear a single glass of wine, without being the worse for it. Go on, and prosper. As to the catalogue of books, for the devout, the tender valetudinarian, and nervous, I, and all that I have mentioned it to, believe that it would be of greater use in England, than any book or mean, that has been proposed, to promote virtue, and relieve the distress. I say *more* than any that has been projected these many years, if judiciously and experimentally executed by proper persons; but time, experience, and different persons, though all lovers of evangelical virtue, must be employed, for others can have neither taste nor judgment in such a work. It ought to contain a catalogue of all the best, easiest, and most genuine books in all the arts or sciences; as, first, spiritual and religious works, of the most approved and practical books of christianity; 2dly, the most entertaining books of history, natural and political; 3dly, travels, and the accounts of all countries and nations; 4thly, allegorical adventures and novels, that are religious, interesting, and probable; 5thly; poetry, divine and moral; 6thly, choice plays, (if any such,) as recommend virtue and good manners; with a short character, and a

hint of the design, and a just criticism, in a few words, of such books, their editions, and where most likely to be found, in English or French, to which two languages I would have them confined. As to the last part, it must be executed by a person of temperance, virtue, and learning; who, with a good taste, has true literature. Where to find such a person, you know best; but I think the parts of it ought to be collected by different persons, of different talents, and finished and put together by one properly qualified person. The best model I can propose, would be like the catalogue of the mystic writers, published by Mr. Poiret; wherein their character and contents are finely and elegantly painted, in a small octavo, in Latin, which probably may be found at Mr. Vailante's shop in the Strand. At least I had it there, being printed in Holland. But, indeed, a proper person could do it his own way; and there are variety of models for such a work in French, but none in English I know of. The schoolmasters who have attempted such a thing for their school, being too low. If this were finely executed, I know of no book that would run better, or be of more service. Every serious person, both male and female, especially this last, would have it. Perhaps I can make a preface, with some philosophical and medical observations to recommend it; and suggest

many proper books, particularly books of physic, which will be absolutely necessary in such a catalogue, but which I forgot to enumerate in the titles of the sciences I have suggested above, but which I could promise to collect for such a work. In short, think of it: talk of it among the brethren; look out proper persons, and let me see the collections, and I will contribute all in my power and leisure to its perfection. It may amuse you agreeably, and that will contribute to your cure; which is most ardently wished by, dear Sir, your's, most sincerely,

GEORGE CHEYNE.

LETTER XXVI.

To SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *Esq.*

Bath, April 21, 1743.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

I Should have given you a letter sooner, on a subject you must naturally want to be informed of, if the ill health of our family had not prevented. Indeed I should have wrote long before, if it had been thought necessary to acquaint the friends of the late good Doctor, of his indisposition; but his friends at this place were

not *less* surprised than his absent ones at the news of his death.

It was about ten days before his decease that he was confined to the house by illness, together with symptoms of the disorder that has lately spread itself so universally. On Thursday, about five days after the seizure, my father visited the Doctor; Mr. Bertrand did the same the day following; but my father's illness coming on the day following prevented me paying the duty I owed to a great and good friend. We continued daily our inquiries, but never received an answer that alarmed us with an apprehension of his danger. But, alas! the whole time he wasted prodigiously.

Though the Doctor's friends were not apprehensive of his imminent danger, he himself was. He talked to his family of his death as of a natural consequence, though he did not imagine it so near; and it was not till the day before it happened, that he consulted a physician. Dr. Hartley was sent for, but he was at Mr. Allen's;* and when he came down in the evening, Dr. Middleton, Mrs. Cheyne's brother, was come over from Bristol, and had been with the Doctor. He went into the bedchamber, but the Doctor was dozing. The next morning he visited him about eight: he was then very easy, but his pulse

* Prior-Park.

was gone. He did not know Dr. Hartley, as he had not seen him in his illness, but he was still sensible. It was not above ten minutes after he left him, that the Doctor left this world. His death was easy, and his senses remained to the last.

To consider the circumstances of your health, and that there is taken from you, by the Divine wisdom, one in whose mind the direction of it was a good deal lodged ; it is impossible but we must look to the Almighty Disposer, and then see the same power capable of making up that loss to you a thousand different ways. Reflections of this sort are natural ; and we must know, that these, and much greater, are as natural to you. Even the wisest sentiments on this head would be but a repetition of your thoughts. The world has lost an able physician ; you, my dear Sir, a valuable friend ; and I, one greater than my merit. As long as health shall be reckoned a blessing, and the preservation of life a duty, both rich and poor must condole the death of their common benefactor ; and those honourable families, which have so frequently and successively resorted hither for his advice, must now be daily more sensible of the power of diseases, and apprehensive of their approaching fate.

Your's, &c.

Dr. HARTLEY,
 DAVID HARTLEY, Esq;
 Mrs. MARY HARTLEY.

DOCTOR HARTLEY, the celebrated author of "Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations," was born at Illingworth in Yorkshire, the 30th of August, 1705, and died at Bath the 28th of the same month, 1757, at the age of 52 years. It is a rare occurrence in the history of the human mind, to find such deep powers of reasoning so early developed, as was the case in Dr. Hartley. But he was a philosopher almost from boyhood, and manifested a turn for reflection, religious and moral enquiry, and metaphysical speculation, at that youthful season, which is usually devoted to thoughtlessness and dissipation, or at best to the pursuits of fancy and imagination. His piety was ardent, but devoid of enthusiasm, as appears from his letters; and also from a series of beautiful and affecting prayers, which he composed for his own private use between the 21st and 30th years of his age. Dr. Hartley was held in the highest estimation by the greatest, wisest, and best men of the last age; who were attracted to his friendship, not more by an admiration of his intellect, than an affection for the excellence of his heart. His system, as far as regards the association of ideas, still continues to be popular; and although the physiological part of it has been in a great measure exploded; yet it must be recollected, that the arguments against it are still only *negative*, and that its opponents have not offered

to the world any thing more satisfactory than it on the subject, or which better harmonizes with the known phenomena of mind. The letters from his daughter, Mrs. Mary Hartley, which follow, contain so many interesting particulars of the Doctor's life, character, and opinions, that it is unnecessary to add more respecting them at present. We pass on, therefore, to DAVID HARTLEY, the son of Dr. H. by his first wife, who was born in the year 1735, and who inherited much of his father's acuteness, with all his moral virtues. With the advantage of an excellent education, which had been polished by travel, Mr. David Hartley early entered on political life, represented the town of Hull in many successive Parliaments, and was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Versailles, to settle with Dr. Franklin preliminaries of peace after the American war, which he signed, on the behalf of the British Court, in 1783.

Plain in his mode of life, retired in his habits, and with great simplicity of character and manner, Mr. Hartley seemed better qualified for philosophical leisure, than the bustle of a political career; and the hours which he borrowed from public business, were devoted to scientific pursuits, and useful as well as ingenious inventions. Amongst the latter may be mentioned the iron plates, for under-casing the floors of apartments; in order to prevent accidents from fire; for which contrivance a reward was voted to him, by Parliament, of £2500. He died the 23d day of December, 1814, aged 84.

Mrs. MARY HARTLEY was the daughter of Dr. Hartley, by his second wife. Equally remarkable for superior understanding, and elegant acquirement, she possessed every qualification for attracting a large share of public admiration, had not an amiable diffidence, and an un-

common share of humility, prevented any display of the rich stores of her mind, beyond the circle of her immediate friends. That circle, indeed, was of wide extent, as all who once became acquainted with her, and were capable of appreciating her merit, were desirous of being received within its limits.

To the scholar, Mrs. M. Hartley was a companion on his own ground. Her knowledge of the dead languages was considerable; and her acquaintance with Italian, French, &c. familiar. The productions of her pen were marked by good sense, and elegance of composition; and she exercised her pencil with taste and skill. But the chief excellencies of this admirable woman were, her exalted piety, and active benevolence; her uniform exercise of all the charities of private, domestic life; and the meek resignation, and truly Christian fortitude, with which she cheerfully sustained, during many years, pain, sickness, and permanent decrepitude. She died July 7th, 1803, aged 66 years.

LETTER XXVII.

From Mrs. M. HARTLEY to the Rev.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

DEAR SIR,

July 18, 1795.

THE papers that I wish to send you, are two letters of my father's. You have sent me some most excellent letters, and most interesting. It was a confidence which I knew well how to

value; and I think I cannot better repay it, than by communicating to you the letters of a worthy man, whom, if you had known, you would have loved. Those letters have been lately put into my hands by a relation. One of them was written when he was at school, only sixteen years of age. I was pleased to see in it the proof of that virtuous and ingenious mind, which I *know* he possessed in his later years; and which I have always *heard* was remarkable in him from the earliest period. You will see in that letter an observation, that “whatever a young man at first applies himself to, is commonly his delight afterwards.” This certainly is not a new or singular thought; but when I consider the object of his future book, to infer from his system of vibrations and associations, that the mind receives ideas and impressions, from associations with former ideas and impressions, and that virtue may be thus generated by custom and habit; I am inclined to think that this was in his head, when he wrote that letter; particularly as I have heard from himself, that the intention of writing a book upon the nature of man was conceived in his mind, when he was a *very little boy*. He was not a boasting man, nor ever spoke an untruth; but in many conversations that I have had with him about his book, he has told me, that when he was so little as to be swinging

backwards and forwards upon a gate, (and, I should suppose, not above nine or ten years old,) he was meditating upon the nature of his own mind; wishing to find out how man was made; to what purpose, and for what future end; in short, (as he afterwards entitled his book,) ‘ the Frame, the Duty, and the Expectation of Man.’ When he wrote the second letter, I conclude that all these ideas were farther matured, though I know not whether he had then begun to arrange them in the form of a book. He was then 29, a widower, and had been so four years. The little boy he speaks of was my brother, David Hartley, whose mother died when he was born. You will be pleased, as I am, to see the temperate system which he had adopted, and which, indeed, was the system of his life from the beginning to the end.

The benevolence which he expresses was his natural temper, but it was improved by the principles of virtue; and it seems to me to be farther confirmed by that supposition which he touches upon in this letter, and afterwards expresses more fully in his book, that future punishment *cannot* be vindictive and eternal; but however long, or severe, *must* be intended for purification and reformation. How far this supposition may, or ought to, be adopted, I know not. Learned men have been of various opinions;

much has been said on both sides, and it is not for me to determine which preponderates; but it seems to me, that the feelings which my father expresses are the *natural* effects of this opinion. It certainly must excite, and improve, the love of God, and love to man. Those who believe that future punishment is vindictive and eternal, without any purpose of repentance and amendment, must *fear* GOD, much more than they can *love* him. And if they believe that this eternal punishment arises from eternal incorrigible wickedness; and that those who have left this world, without accepting the terms of salvation offered here, will be excluded hereafter from all hopes of future repentance, becoming more and more, through all eternity, the enemies of GOD, and the accomplices of devils; they must find such a creed a great impediment in the way of universal love. We know not the hearts of men, neither can we discern who will be incorrigible, or who repentant; but while we believe that *some* will be incorrigible, how can we give love *with any confidence* to those who may be, for any thing we know, the enemies of GOD, and the eternal objects of his hatred and vengeance!

GOD forgive me for speaking so profanely of his infinite mercy and goodness! I cannot too soon unsay it. "GOD is love;" "his mercy is "over all his works;" and he "cannot hate any

“ thing that he has made.” Though it *must* be in his nature to hate vice ; yet since he is infinitely wise and powerful, as well as good, surely he must have means to eradicate vice from the heart of man. It may be by dreadful punishments, such as merely to think of must excite the strongest compassion for others, and terror for ourselves, lest we, or they, should be destined

“ To fast in fires,

“ Till the foul crimes done in our days of nature

“ Are burnt, and purg'd away.”

Yet will the hope arise, that they will at last be “ burnt, and purged away ;” that the time *will* come, when GOD shall be all in all ; when all shall be brought to him ; when “ no man shall need to say to another, ‘ Know the LORD,’ “ for *all* shall know him from the least to the “ greatest.” These hopes console the dejected mind ; they disperse (as my father says) all gloomy and superstitious thoughts ; they teach a man to be indifferent to this world, yet to enjoy it more from a confidence in that Being, “ whose “ mercy is over all his works ;” they teach a man to love every other man ; and to believe, that, however injurious or criminal he may now be, GOD *loves*, though he cannot *approve* him ; that though he punish him, it shall be in mercy, to make him perfect ; and that, though a man may be our enemy now, the time will come, when

he shall be our friend, and our brother. This was my father's doctrine, when *I* knew him, as you see it was before I was born; and to this opinion, as well as to the kindness of his temper, and the virtues of his mind, I attribute that disposition, which made him never converse with a fellow-creature, without feeling a wish to do him good. I have conversed a good deal, since I lived here, with a very clever old lady, who was formerly a great friend of my father and mother. Her parents were French refugees, who escaped from the persecution of Louis XIV. She was brought up in the severity of the Calvinistical tenets; but by some accident, when she was a girl, she met with "*Petit Pierre sur la Bonté de Dieu;*" and she ran to her governess, skipping and jumping, and crying out with transport, "Ah! Madam, how *I* love GOD!" The governess answered, with formal gravity, "Why, child, did you not always love him?" "No, indeed, Madam," answered the child, "I never did till *now.*"

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your's, affectionately,

M. H.

LETTER XXVIII.

*From Dr. HARTLEY, when sixteen years of age,
to his Sister.*

DEAR SISTER,

Bradford, Oct. 8, 1721.

I Take this opportunity to send you Bishop Beveridge's Private Thoughts, with that other book, which I found accidentally at Mr. John Wilkinson's. I wish I could say I was perfectly well: but, however, I am much better; and following my school business very diligently. Pray be not discouraged, I am in very good hands. My master and Mr. Kennett (our vicar) will do all they can for me, I am assured. Pray take my advice, as from one experienced, (though younger than yourself,) to behave yourself cheerfully and briskly at all times. We hear of several persons, and I am sure my aunt can give you some instances, that have been preferred on account of some very trifling actions, in which they have shewn their activity and care. I would have you spend all the time you can reasonably spare from your business, in reading. I speak not only of religious books, (though I would have them to be your chief care,) but of such as will innocently

divert, or fit you for company. You are young yet, and I hope nothing of ill is so rooted in, but that it may easily be worn out. Take care you harbour nothing of envy, hatred, malice, covetousness, revenge, detraction; the world is so full of the last, that I am sure, sister, you and I ought to be on our guard. Be sure you never pollute your mouth with any such things; rather turn off the discourse, or excuse your neighbour as charitably as truth will allow. I believe it will be neither a useless nor a false observation, that whatever a young person applies himself at first to, is commonly his delight afterwards. What I argue from hence is, that if you and I perform our duty to GOD, our neighbour, and ourselves, as well as human infirmity will permit, and at all times be discreet, active, and cheerful, we shall receive more satisfaction, than the most voluptuous person: and it will be infinitely to our advantage in this world, and in the ensuing eternity. I beg of you not to neglect the Sacrament; for, assure yourself, no pretence will excuse you before CHRIST at the last day. But in this, and all your spiritual exercises, do not think GOD regards the time, but the heart. If you forgive all men, and be in charity with them; and be thankful and humble to GOD, your short prayers (where longer are inconvenient to you) will be accepted; but without these, the longest will not.

Pray give my duty to my aunt and uncle. I beg pardon for not behaving to her as I ought; and return her thanks for all her care and kindness. Dear sister, accept of my best advice and love. You may observe, that I recommend cheerfulness and quickness to you, as what I fear both you and I are defective in.

I am your's, &c.

D. HARTLEY.

I am turned preacher, as agreeable to the day, in this letter; but if you will send me an answer, the next shall be more entertaining. I am in good hopes to get £15 or £16 a year in the University, and am fitting myself for that honourable society.

Pray pardon haste.

LETTER XXIX.

From Dr. HARTLEY, aged 29, to Mrs. BOOTH.

DEAR SISTER, *Bury, March 2, 1734-5.*

I Received yours some time ago, and wrote the next post to my sister Sarah; but as I had a letter, a post or two ago, from my brother

John, which intentions nothing of her, I am afraid my letter to her has miscarried. Pray enquire about it, and let me know how she does. My little boy* is very well. Mr. Walton and I manage our house tolerably well. We are both very abstemious, and neither drink ale nor wine; which, besides the advantage it is of to my health and spirits, keeps me from a great deal of troublesome company, and saves a considerable expense. I study much harder than I ever did, and am much more cheerful and happy.

I have lately gained the knowledge of some things in physic, which have been of great use to me; but the chief of my studies are upon religious subjects, and especially upon the true meaning of the Bible. I cannot express to you what inward peace and satisfaction these contemplations afford me. You remember how much I was overcome with superstitious fears, when I was very young. I thank GOD, that He has at last brought me to a lively sense of his infinite goodness and mercy to all his creatures; and that I see it both in *all* his works, and in every page of his word.

This has made me much more indifferent to the world than ever; at the same time that I enjoy it more; has taught me to love every man, and to rejoice in the happiness which our Hea-

* The late David Hartley, esq.

venly Father intends for *all* his children; and has quite dispersed all the gloomy and melancholy thoughts which arose from the apprehension of eternal misery for myself or my friends. How long, or how much, GOD will punish wicked men, He has nowhere said; and, therefore, I cannot at all tell; but of this I am sure, that in "*judgment He will remember mercy;*" that "He will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss;" that "He chastens only because He loves;" that "He will not return to destroy;" because he is GOD, not man, *i. e.* has none of our foolish passions and resentments; that "his tender mercies are over all his works;" and that "He is love itself." I could almost transcribe the whole Bible; and the conclusion I draw from all this is, first, that no man can *ever* be *happy*, unless he is *holy*; unless his affections be taken off from this vain world, and set upon a better; unless he loves GOD above all things, and his neighbour as himself: Secondly, that all the evils and miseries which GOD sends upon us, are for no other purpose but to bring us to Himself; to the knowledge and practice of our duty; and that, as soon as that is done, they will have an end. Many men are so foolish as to fight against GOD all their lives, and to die full of obstinacy and perverseness. However, GOD's method of dealing with them in another world

is still full of mercy, at the same time that it is severe. He will force them to comply, and make them happy, whether they will or no. In the mean time, those who are of an humble and contrite heart, have nothing to fear, *even here*. GOD will conduct them through all the afflictions, which He thinks fit to lay upon them for their good, with infinite tenderness and compassion. I wish these thoughts may be as serviceable to you, as they have been to me. My best respects. Your's,

D. HARTLEY,

LETTER XXX.

From Mrs. M. HARTLEY to the Rev.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

DEAR SIR,

Belvedere, 1796.

I Am very glad that you were pleased with my father's letters. The account of his life, which you recommended to our filial piety, has been already given by my brother D. H. in the second edition of my father's work, which was reprinted by Johnson in 1791.

It is an history of my father's principles and opinions, particularly with relation to his book.

This subject my brother D. H. was able to treat more scientifically than my brother W. H. or I could have done; but we all joined, with truth and affection, in bearing testimony to his amiable moral character.

It was *equally* the sentiment of *us all*, from faithful recollection, “ that his mind was formed
 “ to benevolence and universal philanthropy.
 “ It arose from the union of talents in the moral
 “ science with natural philosophy, and particu-
 “ larly from the professional knowledge of the
 “ human frame, that Doctor Hartley was enabled
 “ to bring into one view the various arguments
 “ for his extensive system, from the first rudi-
 “ ments of sensation, through the maze of com-
 “ plex affections and passions in the path of life,
 “ to the final, moral end of man.

“ He was industrious and indefatigable in the
 “ pursuit of all collateral branches of knowledge,
 “ and lived in personal intimacy with the learned
 “ men of his age. Dr. Law, Dr. Butler, Dr.
 “ Warburton, afterwards Bishops of Carlisle,
 “ Durham, and Gloucester, and Dr. Jortin, were
 “ his intimate friends, and fellow-labourers in
 “ moral and religious philosophy, in metaphysics,
 “ in divinity, and ecclesiastical history. He
 “ was much attached to the highly respected
 “ character of Bishop Hoadley, for the liberality
 “ of his opinions both in church and state, and

“ for the freedom of his religious sentiments.
 “ Dr. Hales, and Dr. Smith, master of Trinity
 “ college, Cambridge, with other members of
 “ the Royal Society, were his companions in the
 “ sciences of optics, statics, and other branches
 “ of natural philosophy. Mr. Hawkins Browne,
 “ the author of an elegant Latin poem, “ *De*
 “ *Animi Immortalitate,*” and Dr. Young, the
 “ moral poet, stood high in his esteem. Dr.
 “ Byrom, the inventor of a scientific short-hand
 “ writing, was much respected by him for useful
 “ and accurate judgment in the branch of phi-
 “ lology. Mr. Hook, the Roman historian, and
 “ disciple of the Newtonian chronology, was
 “ amongst his literary intimates. The celebrated
 “ Mr. Pope was likewise admired by him, not
 “ only as a man of genius, but also as a moral poet.
 “ Yet as Dr. Hartley was a zealous christian
 “ without guile, and (if the phrase may be ad-
 “ mitted) a partizan for the christian religion,
 “ he felt some jealousy of the rivalship of human
 “ philosophy; and regarded the “ *Essay on Man,*”
 “ by Mr. Pope, as tending to insinuate, that the
 “ divine revelation of the Christian religion was
 “ superfluous, in a case where human pilosophy
 “ was adequate. He suspected the secret in-
 “ fluence of Lord Bolingbroke as guiding the
 “ poetical pen of his unsuspecting friend, to deck
 “ out, in borrowed plumes, the plagiarisms of

“ modern ethics, from christian doctrines; not
 “ without farther distrust of the insidious effect
 “ of poetic license, in softening some unaccom-
 “ modating points of moral truths. It was
 “ against this principle that his jealousy was di-
 “ rected. His heart, from conscious sympathy
 “ of human infirmities, was devoid of religious
 “ pride. His only anxiety was, to preserve the
 “ rule of life inviolate, because he deemed errors
 “ of human frailty less injurious to the moral
 “ cause, than systematical perversions of its
 “ principle.”

I could not help quoting this passage, because
 it is that part of his character which I know
 will interest you most; and you gratify me by
 saying, that you have always had an high respect
 for him. The physician you speak of, who lived
 in Nottinghamshire, must have been him. He
 practised first at Newark, when he was a very
 young man; and before he was married to his
 first wife, D. H.'s mother. She was the daughter
 of a Mr. Rowley, a lawyer, in Essex, of a re-
 spectable family; and I have heard she was very
 handsome, and very engaging. He was extremely
 in love with her; but he did not enjoy his union
 with her for more than a year, for she died in
 bringing D. H. into the world. He was ex-
 tremely afflicted, and remained attached to her
 memory all his life; notwithstanding that, he had

the strongest and most rational friendship for my mother, who was (as long as she retained her understanding) a woman of a most exalted mind, elegant, accomplished, and uniting "manly sense" to more than female tenderness." He respected, esteemed, and loved her; but his first wife had had his youthful heart. He once gave me some Latin lines he made upon her death. I now know not where to seek them: if ever I find them, I will enclose them to you. You say, that, "by *the dates*, you imagine the physician "who lived in Notts could not be my father;" but this was possibly from your not being aware how very young he was at that time. He was born in 1705; and I suppose he could not be more than 22 or 23 years of age, when he practised at Newark. When he married Miss Rowley, he could not be more than 24. He then settled at Bury, where he was much known and esteemed by all the principal families in that neighbourhood; particularly those of Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Townshend. The old Lord Townshend (then Secretary of State) treated him with as much kindness as if he had been an additional son, and all the sons and daughters as an additional brother. The same friendly attachment continued to subsist between this family and ours since my father's death.

I used to spend a great deal of time in the house of Mr. Thos. Townshend, (Lord Sydney's father,) as long as he lived. I never knew a more ingenuous and affectionate mind than his; and among the most intimate and cordial friends I have ever had in the world, are his sons and daughters, Lady Middleton and Lady Townshend.

Neither, indeed, does this descent of affection stop here; for all Lady Middleton's children, and all Lord Sydney's, (though of the latter I have seen little since they were children,) are still my friends, as their parents were.

This continuation of friendship is delightful to me; particularly as I owe it originally to the excellent characters and dispositions of my father and mother.

But to proceed with my history. It was in 1735, that my father married *my mother*. She was the daughter of Robert Parker, member for Berkshire. I know not exactly how he became acquainted with her, but I believe it was at the house of one of her relations, who lived in Suffolk. Her family were against the match, and did for some time retard it; but her father was dead; she was her own mistress, and she followed that inherent love of virtue, which taught her, that the affection of a heart like my father's was of more value than wealth or titles. Her brothers thought not so; and though my father was the

kindest of brothers to them, they treated him always with *hauteur*. They died at last without heirs, and my mother of course inherited the *settled* estate; but even then they left from her the unsettled part, and gave it to my brother W. H. over her husband. This was a disrespect to my mother, which I think she must have felt; but her disposition was of the meekest, gentlest nature, and she never shewed it.

My uncles were men of the world, and men of pleasure. They knew not my father's value; and were even offended with him for the true kindness he shewed them, in giving them good advice. They drank hard, which you know was a vice, that compelled him, both as a physician and a moralist, to endeavour to dissuade them from. At such interference they would sometimes be angry; but when they were in their best humour with him, they would say, "You foolish dog, can't you see, that the sooner we kill ourselves, the better it will be for you and your family." He did, notwithstanding, persist in his kind endeavours; and I find among his MS. devotions, a very anxious and ardent prayer for them.

From the year 1735 or 1736, to 1742, my father lived in London, where he had great practice; but at that time he left town, partly on my mother's account, who was thought to be con-

sumptive, and partly because he had a painful complaint himself, which made him unable to bear the motion of a carriage. In 1742 he settled at Bath, where he remained till he died, except when he went for the summer to one of my mother's country houses. Once we spent nearly a year at Donnington Castle, where my father had some thoughts of residing; and though he afterwards returned to Bath, yet he went as often as he was able to Little Sodbury, where my brother W. H. was educated under a private tutor.

But these are little circumstances, of no consequence; and my brother has not mentioned them in his sketch of my father's life. Biographical writers are often too circumstantial in little things, which are not characteristic, particularly with regard to men who have been memorable by their writings, and not by their actions. In the life of a General, it is material to know in what part of the world he spent such and such years; but it is not material to know in what town an author wrote such and such a book. What relates to his *temper* and turn of *mind* is material; therefore it is proper to say, (and my brother has said,) that my father's profession was not that for which he was originally intended. He directed his studies for a long time to divinity, and intended to have taken

orders; but upon closer consideration of the conditions attached to the clerical profession, he felt scruples, which made him reluctant to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Yet he was by no means a dissenter, as Dr. Priestley has had a mind to make the world believe. On the contrary, my father, though doubtful about some theological points, thought them of little consequence to real morality; and he conformed to the customs of the Established Church, attending its worship constantly.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for troubling you with so much family history; but as I have been used to receive from you the most interesting histories of your own family, I hope I don't flatter myself too much, in supposing that you may be as much interested about mine, as I am about yours.

For my *pride* in delineating their amiable virtues, I *will not* apologize; because I believe you will feel with me, that there is a *rational* pride in the consciousness of being descended from worthy characters; and this pride, perhaps, becomes even praiseworthy, if it stimulate us to endeavour to imitate or emulate them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

M. H.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. HARTLEY, to his son DAVID HARTLEY, Esq; on his setting out on his Travels.

MY DEAR CHILD, *Sodbury, Aug. 1755.*

AS you are now entering upon a new and important scene of life, in which you will both enjoy great opportunities of improving yourself in all that is praiseworthy, and be exposed to many temptations; I think it my duty, as your most affectionate parent, and sincerest friend in this world, to give you, in writing, the best instructions I am able to do in regard to your conduct. They may be the last I shall ever give you, for life is uncertain where the prospect is fairest; and besides this, I ought to bear in mind my advancing years, and particular infirmities, and *you* the hazards that necessarily attend a course of travels. May GOD teach us both "so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." May He give me a mouth, and wisdom to speak, and you ears to hear; and so bless what I shall say, that you may pass through this world with health of body and mind, with the love and esteem of your friends, and with a competency of all that is necessary or convenient for you; and at your departure

from it, be rewarded with that crown of glory which He has promised to all that love and obey him.

The first and principal precept is, what I have just now mentioned, *to love and obey GOD*. I might have added, to fear Him; because this is also a scriptural precept, and arises necessarily from the consideration of his infinite power, purity, knowledge, and justice. But if we love and obey GOD, the fear of Him will be no more than a limited filial fear; consistent with the reasonable enjoyments of the blessings of this life, and even productive of the inestimable hopes of happiness in another, *i. e.* as St. John expresses it, “Perfect love casteth out all such fear as hath torment.” But now, you will say, I know that it is my duty and only happiness to love and obey GOD, but how shall I do this? “I delight in the law of GOD, after the inner man, but I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.”—*Pray to him for help and strength. He can and will give you the victory. You know that there is nothing in my power that I should deny you; but you are his child more than you are mine, and He loves you infinitely better than I can. With how much certainty, then, may you expect that He will give you his holy spirit, if you ask Him; and that He will make his yoke easy, and his*

burthen light, if you will take them upon you! and that He will enable you to do that with pleasure, which, to our corrupt nature, seems impossible.

A belief of the real efficacy of prayer is essential, both to religion and to comfort. But what is more evident, according either to reason or to scripture, than that the Author of our spirits expects homage from them, and will give blessings in return? The principal use and intent of all earthly appellations, relations, transactions, &c. is, not to produce earthly happiness, (for that, you must see, and feel, is very little, when accounts are fairly balanced,) but to be patterns of heavenly things, and, like the law, schoolmasters to bring us to CHRIST. Do not, therefore, entertain an opinion, which is too much favoured by some very good books, that the use of prayer is to alter and improve our own minds, by raising devout affections of a proper kind in them: this is a great and real use, undoubtedly; but we shall never pray with that requisite necessary, *faith*, unless we go like children to their parents, or like subjects to a gracious prince. This is the language of the scriptures, and agreeable to the plain reason of the thing; and if we apply to GOD in this manner, purifying our hearts and hands, so that we may be assured of obtaining what we ask, or something better, or

both one and the other : which last is, perhaps, generally the case, where men pray with great earnestness, perseverance, and resignation.

The same plain reasons, and scripture expressions, shew the great obligation and happiness of public prayer as well as private, and of frequenting the sacrament. Let me just remind you of that remarkable promise of our Saviour, “ Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

I will add one word with regard to *mental prayer*. I mean not only frequent incidental ejaculations in the course of the day, but more devout aspirations of the heart to GOD, without distinct expressions; and which may be called the great secret of a pious and happy life. But I find it very difficult to attain to this great secret. I am persuaded, however, that it is attainable; and may be practised, not only without interruption to the proper business and innocent pleasures of human life, but also to the unspeakable joy of all those who labour after it in earnest.

The means of grace next of importance to prayer, is the reading of religious books. We may, by these means, bring our minds to right dispositions, and by degrees arrive at the happy state of making duty and pleasure coincide. Don't grudge the time that is thus spent in the transformation of your mind. *Mens cujusque*

est quisque. If you bring yourself to delight in that which you may always have here, in that treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and which no thief can steal away, your state will be paradisaical, even in this world. Depend upon it, there are persons who have attained to this happy state; and though they be few, though the greater part even of those few be such as have been forced from their vices and evil habits by great affliction, yet, the blessing is offered to all, to the young, and healthy, and prosperous, as well as to others. It is, however, more particularly attainable by those who have had a religious education, and are endowed with generous principles. These persons have a more ready conception of the language of good books, and their hearts sympathise more intensely with the sentiments contained therein; and I hope that you are in this happy number. But if it should be difficult and irksome to you, at first, thus to cultivate and improve your own mind by religious books; do it, however, as a matter of duty and necessity, from the hopes of heaven, and the fears of hell: and, depend upon it, (*experto crede,*) time will make it delightful. It is necessary that the soul should be transformed into the image of CHRIST, before we die; and it must be adorned with meekness, humility, and purity, love of GOD, and love of our neigh-

bour; else we shall be shut out from the joys of heaven at the day of judgment, and confined to all the horrors and miseries of hell.

What words, then, can express the madness of those persons, who, having an easy and certain method proposed to them by prayer, and fasting, and meditation, of obtaining heaven, and escaping hell, do, notwithstanding, refuse to comply with it. And yet this is the case of the generality of irreligious persons, in this land of light and liberty, where there are so many opportunities, calls, and advantages. Let me add one thing more, viz. that there can be no excuse for not reading religious books. This is absolutely in our power; and, therefore, the neglect of it is an unpardonable offence in the eye of GOD, who knows all our thoughts, devices, and designs, and consequently knows, that if we do not come to the light, it is for fear that our evil passions and habits should be condemned thereby.

The religious books which I would recommend are, first, the scriptures, and then the *practical* writings of those persons known to have led holy and religious lives. If you converse with such persons in their writings, you will, by the blessing of GOD, acquire the good dispositions and tempers for which they were eminent, and obtain “ that peace which passeth

“ all understanding.” Their descriptions of the virtues and vices will put you upon your guard in the various circumstances and events of life ; and teach you what to do, and what to avoid, in *particulars* ; for I have no doubt of your sincere desire to please and serve GOD in *general*. But you, like all other young persons of eager temper, are carried on to act, or tempted to neglect, without duly considering the nature of the action, or omission ; and a repeated action, or omission, comes, after some time, to be a habit. Now, if you have your memory well stored with that variety of short, evident precepts, which occur in *practical* books, virtue will get the start of vice upon sudden occasions of life, at least it will not be far behind it ; and may, I hope, by the sincerity of your heart, and the good principles of your education, and, above all, by the gracious assistance of GOD’s holy spirit, become completely victorious in the event ; at first, indeed, with some pain and difficulty, but afterwards with inexpressible joy and satisfaction. I would recommend to you the writers of our own Church ; at least *Protestant* ones, in preference to those of the *Romish* Church. Our own writers, being educated in a country, where both civil and ecclesiastical liberty are enjoyed in great perfection, have a greater freedom of thinking and speaking than any others ; and their piety is, of

consequence, more clear from all tincture of superstition or enthusiasm. But all churches abound with *practical* writers, of inestimable value; and it is the greatest happiness of the present times, *sua si bona norint*, to have in every library, and in every shop, numberless books, which can “make us wise unto salvation.” Spend one, two, three hours, *every day*, in this kind of reading, joined with meditation and prayer; and depend upon it, you will never repent it, in life or death, here or hereafter. If you be “wise unto salvation,” you will be wise in your profession, and in all temporal affairs; you will be diligent, upright, obliging, and polite; you will gain the love and esteem of all with whom you have intercourse, and receive the hundred-fold in this life, which CHRIST has promised to his true followers. “Seek ye the kingdom of GOD, and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.”

The same reasons which enforce the constant reading of *good books*, hold in respect of the *company* of serious and devout persons. Every man must, and will be, like the company he keeps; and as it is the most favourable sign of happiness and success in this life, for young persons to associate with, and delight in, those who are older and wiser than themselves; so bad company is a sure mark, as well as means, of

misery and ruin. It is infectious in the greatest degree, by secret as well as by open ways; and all attempts, which a man seems to himself to make, to preserve his innocence, are vain and delusive.

Remember what Sydenham says, "*that he was always the worse for his acquaintance with bad men, though they did him no direct injury.*" In like manner, avoid all books, which have either direct or indirect tendency to corrupt your mind, or to make you love, or not fear, your three great enemies,—*the world, the flesh, and the Devil.*

I might proceed to the several duties of life, but rather choose to forbear, and confine myself to this earnest recommendation of the duties of prayer and religious reading. If you comply with my precepts concerning reading, you will be furnished with all the rules and motives to a holy life, in a much better manner than it is in my power to give them; and if you pray with *faith* and *earnestness*, "GOD will work in you both to will and to do." If, on the other hand, you neglect prayer and religious reading, you will perish miserably, here and hereafter. If you halt between the two, your life will be chequered by hopes and fears, by joys and sorrows, as mine has been, and as that of the generality of the world is, till you come to die, either penitent, through the goodness of GOD, in sending

you afflictions, and blessing them to you; or impenitent, through the hardness and stupidity of your heart. It pleases GOD to give me greater peace and hope, than I have ever yet enjoyed; and I am resolved, by his grace, to serve Him with an upright heart, for the short remainder of my days. My great concern is, that I may meet your mother, yourself, your brother, and your sister, in that state where there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain; and I trust in GOD, that He will grant me this great blessing. But I have a true and tender concern for your temporal welfare also; and though I restrained my discourse to spiritual things alone, yet I shall never cease to promote your happiness in this world, by my prayers and most earnest endeavours; being, my dear child,

Your's, most affectionately,

D. HARTLEY.

HERMAN ANDREW PISTORIUS.

H. A. PISTORIUS, to whom the following letter is addressed, ranked high, in the North of Europe, as a scholar and divine. He was rector of Posnitz, in the island of Auger; and, in the year 1772, published, in German, a great part of Hartley's Observations on Man, with notes on, and additions, to the same. This was printed at Rostock and Leipsic, translated into English, and prefixed to the third octavo volume of the third edition of Dr. Hartley's work, printed in London 1801. M. Pistorius's observations evince great acuteness of mind; considerable powers of reasoning; a profound knowledge of metaphysics; a singular liberality of sentiment; and expansiveness of benevolence. In his preface, he has given us the following sketch of his design, in the work he had undertaken. "I found, that, of the two volumes of Dr. Hartley's work in English, (the first of which contains a complete physiological and psychological system,) the second only was properly fit for my purpose: this contains natural religion; a demonstration of christianity, its moral doctrines; a short exhibition of the doctrines of faith; and finally, a treatise on the expectations of man. I therefore contented myself with giving a short, though superficial, abstract of the first volume, which contains the association of ideas; but the second I have thought it necessary to divide into two, and amplify it with my own observations."

LETTER XXXII.

To HERMAN ANDREW PISTORIUS.

SIR,

May, 1770.

A Desire to comply with your request, and to illustrate my friend Dr. Hartley's reasoning, as far as I am able, has emboldened me to undertake a task, I am but too sensible I am unequal to. However, I will do the best I can, with cheerfulness; and if I shall be so lucky as to shew his method of reasoning in a clear light to you, I shall think myself very happy. If I shall not succeed, the time you will spend in reading this, and I in writing it, will be thrown away, innocently at least.

Dr. Hartley supposeth, then, that children, at their first entrance into life, are susceptible of mere bodily, or, as he calls them, *sensible* pleasures and pains only; and that they are affected with these by the impression or action of external objects on their nervous system: that these impressions leave their respective traces or ideas behind them; which original impressions, or their ideas, by being frequently connected and associated, as they grow up, with various other impressions, productive of neither pleasure nor pain, generate in us, by degrees, pleasures and

pains of a higher rank, such as those of the imagination, ambition, &c.

All this operation he supposes to be performed by the simple mechanical laws of motion; by the means of vibrations in the component particles of the whole nervous system; and this opinion Sir Isaac Newton seems to embrace. But whether true or not, or by what other means this operation may be performed, is not at all material to the consequences he draws from it. The law of association may universally take place, by what method soever it may please the Supreme Being to bring it about.

From this doctrine of association, thus laid down, he proceeds to shew, that all our pleasures and pains, all our affections and passions, all our opinions, our assent and dissent to truths of all sorts, arise in our minds; that this alone is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of the human understanding. In short, upon this foundation he builds no less a structure than the whole frame of the human mind; which is formed and made what it is, in each individual, by the previous accidental associations which have been connected together in his passage through life to the present moment. He shews us, that we really are, and by what particular steps we come to be, in fact, what the common language of the world, perhaps inconsiderately, calls us, viz. the

children of prejudice, education, habit, custom, &c. ; and that the mind of man, various as it seems to be in various particulars, is ultimately resolvable into perhaps a few impressions of external objects on our senses, variously combined and connected together.

This method of reasoning, thus pursued, makes us mere machines. He allows it. "Then," say the advocates for free-will, "we are no longer "free agents," consequently can do no action, either of virtue or vice ; consequently can have no merit or demerit ; and so go on to draw many other consequences relating to GOD's goodness, justice, &c. which, they say, necessarily and naturally flow from these premises.

Here, as I apprehend, lies the greatest difficulty. But to all this the Doctor (Hartley) thus answers, as I understand him. If, says he, by free-will, is meant a power to do, or to omit doing, any action whatsoever within our compass, according to the determination of our will, (which definition most men would allow,) I then allow free-will in the most perfect manner that definition can admit of. But if by free-will is meant a power within ourselves, uncaused by any previous motive, or present impression, by which we can form, constitute, or create this determination of our own will ; I then absolutely deny there is any such thing residing in

us, according to this definition; and this, I take it, is what he means by popular and philosophical free-will. He says, every man must feel in himself that he has no such power over the determination of his will. That the will is brought into that state of activity, such as to be called the willing of any action, by motives and impressions, previous to such determination. That, if this is not the case, our free-will must be inconsistent with GOD's prescience; that, in fact, we should be gods ourselves, having a power within ourselves of becoming a first efficient cause; whereas, GOD is, and must be, the only first cause of all things. That, in the common instances produced of proving we have such a free-will, the most trifling are always brought, where the motive is not of consequence enough to be regarded or attended to; whereas, in matters of moment, we always see, and readily allow, the motives which induce us to do, or not to do, such actions; and is it reasonable to suppose, we have such a free-will as is contended for, in the most trifling affairs of life, and not in those of more importance? That, in the common intercourse of mankind, all men, whatever their language be, act as if men had not such free-will. What would avail the giving good education to youth? What persuasion or argument to the aged, if they were possessed of this whimsical free-will, and were

not regularly acted upon by motives. Why should I trust myself alone with you, Sir, and not with a cartouche? but that I know you have neither of you free-will; that the consideration of honour, right, and religion, will assuredly be motives strong enough to prevent you from injuring me; and those of interest, malice, or fear, will, as assuredly, be motives sufficient to prompt the other to rob, or perhaps murder, me. The denying of free-will in man is, by many, supposed to involve us in the great difficulties of making GOD the author of evil; the allowing it, Dr. H. says, does not remove it. The origin of evil equally remains a difficulty, (perhaps never to be cleared up by us,) whether man has, or has not, this free-will. That evil, both moral and natural, is in the world, is a truth not to be contested. And that the Author of us, of nature, of the universe, should not be the author of that, and of every thing else, in whatever light we consider things, is as great a difficulty as any thing we can propose. There is no difference in this respect, whether a Being, infinitely benevolent to will what is best for his creatures; infinitely wise, to know what is best; and infinitely powerful, to be able to effect what is best; creates a being, subject to the impressions of external objects, which impressions will conduct him to evil, and which, from his make, he

must follow ; or whether a created being, endued with free-will, which, as GOD, he must foreknow would lead him to the same evil. There is this to be said in favour of the mechanical scheme, that, if we are really machines, anxiety, pain, and all the uneasinesses of body and mind attendant upon evil actions, must, by our aversion to pain, force us at last to such a course of actions, as are likely to produce ease, pleasure, and peace of mind, if our stay here were long enough ; and who knows how long our probationary state may be ! A creature endued with free-will may, perhaps, never be reclaimed, but pushed forward continually towards his own misery ; whereas, the mechanist, merely from his mechanical make, is precluded from thus ruining himself for ever. Which is most worthy a good, wise, and powerful GOD ? Which is the preferable state for us his creatures ? If you thus reject free-will, it may be asked, what will become of virtue and vice, merit and demerit ? To which the Doctor thus answers. If in the definition of your complex idea of virtue, merit, and words of such import, you include the idea of free-will as one of the component parts, an ingredient, *sine qua non* ; you may justly say, without free-will, there can be no virtue ; but then it becomes a mere identical proposition. But, if you define *virtue* to be a word denoting

every action tending towards the happiness and well-being of the creation, or any part of it; and *merit*, a word denoting such an intention in the actor, without examining how he came by such an intention, or why he performs such an action; and *vice* and *demerit* the contrary, (which is no improper definition, no harsh way of straining language;) then the mechanist may properly be said to be vicious, or virtuous; to have merit or demerit, to any degree, as the free agent. As for rewards and punishments, the true way of considering them seems to be this. Pleasure and happiness are the constant attendants on, or rewards of, virtue; if not absolutely so in this life, at least in our whole progress through eternity; pain and misery, or natural evil, are the constant attendants on, or punishments of, vice or moral evil, with this remarkable difference, that the first, by giving us what our natures are desirous of, strengthen and corroborate us in the pursuit of virtue; and the last, by bringing to us what our natures are averse to, tend constantly to annihilate vice, and so force us, even against ourselves, by the mere make of our minds, into the road of happiness, where we shall all ultimately arrive. For to consider punishments from GOD as a revenge for evils committed, is surely to have an unworthy idea of Him; I might almost call it blasphemy. Whereas, if

we consider them only as corrections leading us to happiness, we entertain a much more adequate idea of his unlimited benevolence. And this is really the case in the magistrates and powers of this world.

Having thus given a sort of history of the frame of man, and removed, as he supposes, the grand objection, with all its consequences; he proceeds, in the second place, to examine, from his frame, what is the duty of man; a being, desirous of happiness, and averse to pain. The obtaining happiness, and avoiding misery, is, and ought to be, the chief pursuit of mankind here. The impressions made on our senses, by external objects, are the inlets to our future happiness, and knowledge, by the various associations with which they are connected in our earliest youth; but as these affect the sensible pleasures only, and we are, and ought to be, constantly rising from lower degrees of pleasure to higher; and as the pains attendant on the following mere sensual pleasures will drive us from them, to seek some others less chequered with miseries; the Doctor shews, that these ought to be our primary pursuit; and that the mind of the most gross sensualist may rest contented with these only; so he goes on to shew, that the pleasures of imagination, or ambition, cannot be our *summum bonum*: and concludes, that the

pleasures of benevolence, the moral sense and piety, or Thespathy, (as he calls this class of pleasures,) may, and ought to be, the end mankind should propose to themselves, if truly wise, from the frame of their mind: nay, that the frame of their minds is such, as to drive them necessarily into this mode of thinking at last. If mankind were seriously convinced of this truth, it would be one great additional motive, or weight, added to the machine, to accelerate the motion to the point desired.

But, says he, we have another way to judge of our duty, if we believe the scriptures. He then enquires what right these books have to be thought to reveal the will of the Creator; and sums up, in a short and clear way, the general evidences of their genuineness, truth, and inspiration. And having fully convinced his reader, as he supposes, that he ought to believe in them, and to trust to them as containing the will of GOD; he shews that they lead us to the same end, and enjoin us the same rule of life, which the considerations, from the make of our minds, had before pointed out to us, but in a far more conspicuous and exalted manner.

This finishes the second part; and in the third and last, he shews what ought to be our expectations, by our complying, or not complying, with this rule of our duty, so laid down.

If we pursue a course of benevolent, just, and pious actions, the Doctor proves, from the make of our minds, we shall enjoy all the content, peace of mind, happiness, and pleasure, our natures are capable of; and all this is promised us, here and hereafter, by the revealed will of GOD in the scriptures. But, if we should take another turn, what will be the case then? In that case, says the Doctor, let us remember that pain and misery are the concomitants of vice; and the aversion to these will, at last, by the force of our mechanical make, quite overcome this proneness in us to evil; and we shall, by degrees, be spiritualized, and rendered worthy partakers of the happiness designed for his creatures by the LORD of the universe. If, by many unhappy wrong associations, some shall be rendered so obstinate as to endure many and grievous afflictions, before they are prevailed upon to turn their backs upon evil, hard is the case of such; but so it is, if they break a leg, or live a long life of pain, occasioned, perhaps, by the vices of their ancestors: But this happens every day, without its being ever considered in the same light; and that we should be shocked at supposing, that mankind should suffer pain for the actions of others, which, it must be allowed, are at least as much out of their power, can be owing to nothing but prejudice, or, in other language, to

prior associations. But will you say, then, that the most wicked shall at last be happy? Most certainly, replies the Doctor, but not till they have returned from their wickedness: and, indeed, this is the corner-stone that supports the whole fabric. For there might be some plea of justice in arraigning the ways of the ALMIGHTY, if mankind should for ever suffer for actions, which they are compelled to at the time; and which, if this doctrine be true, they would do again and again a thousand times, all other previous circumstances remaining exactly the same. In defence of this opinion, the Doctor says, it is inconsistent with infinite justice to punish finite crimes infinitely and eternally: it is inconsistent with infinite benevolence, power, and knowledge, to create poor groveling beings as we are, compared to Him, to undergo eternal torments: and if you can prove that any one man can be saved, from that one it will be easy to prove, that every individual shall. For instance, let us suppose the best man that ever lived to be represented by A, and the worst by Z; and all the intermediate letters of the alphabet to denote all the intermediate degrees of virtuous and vicious men. Then will the Doctor say, B. is so near in degree to A, and C to B, and so on, that you can never stop, till you go through the whole of mankind. For divide where you

will, as, for example, at M, or N, the degrees of virtue in M, and vice in N, can never be so great, as for the **ALMIGHTY**, to make M eternally happy, and N miserable eternally. And to close all, the Doctor attempts to prove, that this is the language of scripture from end to end: that it is full of most glorious promises and prophecies; that it threatens, indeed, and threatens greatly; but this is our comfort,—we shall suffer no more than we can bear, no more than is necessary to make us happy, completely happy: if a little will suffice, we shall have but little; if much is wanting, **GOD** will give us what is wanting to make us completely happy, and not a jot more. He brings a great number of texts and types, to shew, that the restoration of all mankind is plainly promised us in the scriptures, but that much pains is necessary to bring this about; and adds this observation, that man, as well as **GOD**, is bound to perform his promises; but that neither justice, nor mercy, require either of them to perform their threats. The last, indeed, one may say, forbids it; and this is **GOD's** great characteristic, by which He has made Himself known, viz. that he is a merciful **GOD**.

Now let us review this scheme, and see whether man has reason to complain that he is made not a free, but a necessary agent. **GOD**, the author of nature, has formed an universe full of

harmony, full of beauty. To contemplate and enjoy this, he has created man, a being capable of receiving pleasure, and suffering pain, from the impressions of external objects all around him. The nature of pain and pleasure is such as to make him eagerly desire and pursue the one, loath and avoid the other. He has so framed the mind of man, that from the pleasures and pains received from these impressions, he should be led on to seek such things as he has experienced to give him former pleasure. These, being daily united with other impressions, augment his sources of pleasures, and he is impelled to search for new ones. If, by unhappy unions, he finds himself mistaken, and, instead of pleasure, he experiences pain; this, by repeated trials, will turn him aside; and he will, from the nature and frame of his mind, be led to such actions as, he finds, will not disappoint him. Happiness is the lot designed by GOD for all his creatures. As far as one man's happiness coincides with the happiness of the whole, so far will pleasure follow his steps; when they obstruct it, pain will obstruct him from destroying the happiness of others, and in the end, consequently, his own. So, if this be the true history of man, it is not in the power of one of GOD's creatures essentially to obstruct the happiness of any one of the work of his hands, not even his own. Ought we to repine

at this? Is it not a great and glorious scheme, worthy the benevolent Author of nature! Well may we say, how great and wonderfully are we made!

I have now, Sir, to the best of my abilities, and as far as I understand the Doctor's book, given you the design and drift of his plan, and his manner of reasoning, as I conceive and remember it; for I have purposely avoided having recourse to the work, whilst I was writing this. I thought I understood him, and plainly perceived the connection of his chain of reasoning; therefore I chose to set down my thoughts as the work itself, and his frequent conversations on these subjects, suggested them to me at different times; imagining I might express my own thoughts in a more explicit and free manner, than if I wrote it directly from the book itself.

I have undoubtedly omitted many of his arguments, perhaps some of the most cogent; and 'tis not impossible, that I may have introduced some that are not his, but such as my conception of the thing supplied me with. 'This I know for certain, that all the light I have in this matter, I have received from him. I am sure I cannot have done him justice in any respect; but in friendship to a man I have such a regard for, I beg leave to mention one difficulty he is under, which is in regard to his language.

From his scheme, it appears, he must necessarily make use of some abstract words, such as virtue, merit, reward, &c. &c. in a sense of his own: this may make him sometimes obscure; but what could he do? He must either use such language as the world does, or coin new; and he chose the first, as liable to less objection, upon the whole. If I have given you any satisfaction, I shall think my time well spent; for I am, with a true regard, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

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LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. FRANKLIN to DAVID HARTLEY, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Oct. 26, 1778.

I Received yours, without date, containing an old Scotch sonnet, full of natural sentiment, and beautiful simplicity. I cannot make an entire application of it to present circumstances; but taking it in parts, and changing persons, some of it is extremely *apropos*. First, Jennie may be supposed Old England; and Jamie, America. Jennie laments the loss of Jamie, and recollects with pain his love for her; his industry in business to promote her wealth and welfare, and her own ingratitude.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel,
And sought me for his bride,
But saving ane crown,
He had naithing beside.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie *gang'd to sea*,
And the crown and the pound were all for me.

Her grief for this separation is expressed very pathetically.

The ship was a wreck,
Why did na Jennie die;
O why was I spar'd
To cry, wae is me!

There is no doubt that honest Jamie had still so much love for her as to pity her in his heart, though he might, at the same time, be not a little angry with her.

Towards the conclusion, we must change the persons ; and let Jamie be Old England ; Jennie, America. Then honest Jennie, having made a treaty of marriage with Gray, expresses her firm resolution of fidelity, in a manner that does honour to her good sense, and her virtue.

I may not think of Jamie, for that would be a sin.

But I maun do my best,

A gude wife to be ;

For auld Robin Gray

Is very kind to me.

You ask my sentiments of a truce for five or seven years, in which no mention should be made of that stumbling-block to England, the independence of America.

I must tell you, fairly and frankly, that there can be no treaty of peace with us, in which France is not included. But I think a treaty might be made between the three powers, in which England *expressly* renouncing the dependence of America seems no more necessary, than her renouncing the title of King of France, which has always been claimed for her kings. Yet, perhaps, it would be better for England to act nobly and generously on the occasion, by

granting more than she could, at present, be compelled to grant:—make America easy on the score of old claims; cede all that remains in North-America; and thus conciliate and strengthen a young power, which she wishes to have a future and serviceable friend. I do not think England would be a loser by such cession. She may hold her remaining possessions there, but not without a vast expense; and they would be the occasion of constant jealousies, frequent quarrels, and renewed wars. The United States, continually growing stronger, will naturally have them at last; and, by the generous conduct above hinted at, all the intermediate loss of blood and treasure might be spared; and solid, lasting peace promoted. This seems to me good counsel, but I know it can't be followed.

The friend you mention must always be welcome to me, with or without the cheeses; but I do not see how his coming hither could be of any use at present, unless, in the quality of a plenipotentiary, to treat of a sincere peace between all parties.

Your Commissioners are acting very indiscreetly in America. They first spoke disrespectfully of our good ally. They have since called in question the power of Congress to treat with them; and have endeavoured to begin a dispute about the detention of Burgoyne's troops, an

affair which I conceived not to be within their commission. They are vainly trying, by publications, to excite the people against the Congress. Governor J— has been attempting to bribe the members ; and, without the least regard to truth, has asserted three propositions, which, he says, he will undertake to prove. The two first of them I *know* to be false, and I *believe* the third to be so. The Congress have refused to treat with the Commissioners, while he continues one of them, and he has therefore resigned.

These gentlemen do not appear well qualified for their business. I think they will never *heal* the breach, but they may *widen* it.

I am, my very dear friend,

Your's most affectionately,

B. F.

THE REV. WILLIAM GILPIN.

FEW English writers of the eighteenth century have gratified the public with such a variety of interesting publications as the late Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN; and of fewer still can it be said, what may be truly asserted of him, that he adorned every subject on which he wrote. In the various departments of biography, divinity, didactic composition, scriptural criticism, and the principles of the picturesque, he has displayed the power of the master; the piety of the Christian; and the sensibility of the man of taste. As an amateur artist in drawing, he was original in composition, and spirited in execution; and, like Longinus, exemplified, in his own productions, those admirable principles which he laid down for the perfection of the art on which he wrote. The first publication of Mr. Gilpin, which engaged public attention, was—Biographical Sketches of his great ancestor Bernard Gilpin, and other reformers. These were followed, at different times, by admirable Lectures on the Church Catechism; an Exposition of the New Testament, with notes highly useful, and, in many instances, singularly ingenious and original; Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, in several towns through England and Scotland; Sermons to a Country Congregation, in 2 vols.; Moral Contrasts; Amusements for Clergymen; Forest Scenery, in a picturesque Account of the New Forest; and a beautiful Series of Dialogues, published as a posthumous work.

But however splendid as a writer, Mr. Gilpin's chief claim to the admiration of his cotemporaries, and the imitation of posterity, arose from the excellencies of his professional, and the virtues of his private, character. After having obtained a moderate competency, by fulfilling, for many years, most conscientiously, the important duties of the master of Cheam School; and being further assisted in his income by the small vicarage of Boldre, Hants, presented to him by his accomplished scholar, Col. Mitford; he retired into the country, and settled himself on his living for life. Here it was that Mr. Gilpin's character appeared in the most venerable and attractive point of view. To the inhabitants of a wide and wild parish on the borders of the New Forest, most of whom were in the humble ranks of life, he was at once the instructor, and the example; the pastor, the friend, and the father. Reproving the vicious with authority, but mildness; encouraging the worthy with a judicious generosity; instructing the ignorant with the most patient condescension; visiting and relieving the sick; comforting the unhappy; and affording advice and assistance to all who stood in need of them. Lively in his conversation; cheerful in his manners; and with a countenance beaming benevolence and peace, he evinced, that the most ardent piety was compatible with innocent gaiety, and that true religion is ever the parent of joy and tranquillity. Moderate, rational, and liberal, in his theological principles, he lost no friend by petulant dogmatism, and made no enemies by unchristian intolerance. Piety, in whomsoever it appeared, commanded his respect; it was only presumptuous vice that excited his indignation. He lived till the age of 80, beloved and revered by those who knew him best; admired and esteemed by those to whom he was only known by his character and writings;

and closed his upright, useful, and exemplary life on the 5th April, 1804.

He was buried in Boldre church-yard, where the following memorial of him, written by himself, is inscribed, on a stone that marks the place of his grave:

“ In a quiet mansion, beneath this stone, secured
 “ from the afflictions, and still more dangerous en-
 “ joyments, of life, lie the remains of WILLIAM
 “ GILPIN, some time vicar of this parish; together
 “ with the remains of MARGARET his wife. After
 “ living above fifty years in happy union, they hope
 “ to be raised, in GOD’s due time, (through the atone-
 “ ment of a blessed Redeemer for their repented
 “ transgressions,) to a state of joyful immortality. Here
 “ it will be a new joy, to see several of their good neigh-
 “ bours, who now lie scattered in these sacred precincts
 “ around them.

“ He died April 5th, 1804, at the age of 80. She
 “ died July 14th, 1807, at the age of 32.”

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to

Mrs. M. HARTLEY.

Vicar’s Hill, Jan. 31, 1791.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR speedy and friendly answer merits my thanks; especially as you wrote at a time when your heart was full, and not in unison with any little pleasantries, which might, probably, have been the subject of my letter.

I was not acquainted with the friend you have lost; yet I knew more of her, than I do of most people of whom I know so little. I have often heard of her, from a Curate of mine, a very ingenious young man, who went from me to be a tutor in her family. That family will, I fear, have a great loss of their good mother.

I do not know, my dear Madam, that I ever opposed your favourite opinion. I think it by far the most probable, that we shall all meet together hereafter; though whether we shall form our friendships hereafter, exactly as we form them here, is, I think, a matter of some doubt. Here we love one another, and often contract our friendships, for the sake of elegant manners, natural affections, pleasing humours, good sense, knowledge, and a variety of other endowments and acquirements. Hereafter, I apprehend, these things will appear to little advantage, where accounts are to be settled by different degrees of *Christian perfection*.

Now, it may happen, that in those accomplishments, (if I may so speak,) of humility, charity, a forgiving temper, and the like, which alone pass current hereafter, we may be above, or below, our late earthly friends; and will, therefore, be no more suited to form friendships with them, than an ignorant peasant is with a philosopher. But however these things may be

ordered hereafter, we may all make ourselves very easy in the reflection, that all will be ordered in such a way, as most undoubtedly to promote our best happiness.

I am extremely glad, you like my Exposition of the New Testament; and I had rather have your approbation, than that of half the learned critics in the kingdom. I remember, I affronted you once, by telling you I wrote for such readers as you, though I meant it as a very sincere compliment; and in continuation of that compliment, I most earnestly beg of you, that, when you look it over again, you will do it with a pen in your hand. I value your criticisms very much; for I look upon them as the criticisms of a sound, well-informed understanding, but devoid of those prejudices, which critics by profession are too apt to adopt. What you say of the last verse of the fourth chapter of Revelations, I perfectly agree with; and in my copy I have altered the passage, as it is in the original. "*For thy pleasure they are, and were created.*" But in one point I rather differ from you. You wish I had left the sacred writers more in possession of their bold figurative expressions; and had been more full in my explanations. With regard to the first, as I have just been telling a very sensible man, (unknown, though, to me,) who wrote to me on that subject out of Warwick-

shire, I cannot see how the harmony of composition would have allowed me to do otherwise. You are still in possession of these bold figurative expressions: I admire them with you, but I do not pretend to vie with them. If I modernize one part, and not another, I fear I should produce rather a disagreeable mode of composition. These bold flights, which are of a piece with the original scriptures, would agree ill, I fear, with the coldness of modern language. As to your exceptions to my conciseness, I hope they will vanish, if you will read attentively my title-page, which sets forth, that I *mean chiefly* to convey, as far as I can, the *leading sense*, and connection. What you were pleased with in the preface to the Acts of the Apostles, I do not know that I met with any where. When I beg the use of your critical pen, you will understand, I mean only the pen of your leisure: when you *do* make remarks, either with regard to the *connection*, or the *sense*; all I beg is, that you would put them on paper. As my design in attending to the *leading sense chiefly* does not seem to be generally taken up, I shall, in another edition, say something more on the subject.

Mrs. G. joins in best respects with, dear Madam, your very sincere

W. GILPIN.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Vicar's Hill, Aug. 15, 1793.

I Wish, dear Madam, it were in my power to administer any comfort to feelings like yours. I hope, however, as one of your brothers is in a recovered state, you will have the satisfaction soon to find the other so to. But as GOD, often for his own reasons, takes the wise and the good out of the world, before the common course of nature would probably remove them, if we could only persuade ourselves that GOD ALMIGHTY knows better than we do what is right, we should possess the true secret of bearing affliction. One should think there were no great difficulty in bringing ourselves to this conclusion; nor is there in *theory*; but *practice*, wayward practice, makes the obstacle: and yet, perhaps, the philosophy of the Gospel does not require so strict an obedience to that great truth. A greater philosopher than any of the Stoic school allows more indulgence, I think, to human feelings. We must consider his *example* as precept: and we are assured, that he not only had strong affections; but it is recorded, that, on the death of a friend, "JESUS wept."

I hope, however, dear Madam, when I hear from you next, (and you will give me, at least, a few lines soon,) I shall find that you have had occasion; at this time, neither for the Stoicism of Christianity, nor its more indulgent allowances.

About politics I shall say nothing, because your ideas are precisely mine: so that it would only be transcribing a page from your own book. I will only say, that the French clergy at *Winchester* (where the King's house is fitted up for several hundreds of them) behave in the most regular, prudent, and frugal manner. I say this, because I remember giving you an account, in my last, of the improper behaviour of the French emigrants at *Southampton*.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your truly, sincere, and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

LETTER XXXVI.

*From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to
Mrs. M. HARTLEY.*

DEAR MADAM, *Vicar's Hill, 1794.*

I Never did receive your letter of September 3d. I have all your late letters now lying before me, and I have none of that date;

nor do I remember receiving any letter from Cirencester, but your last.

You and I think perfectly alike about Methodists. We object only to the bad tendency of some of their opinions; but leave them willingly in possession of their flights of enthusiasm. It appears to me, that by the merciful providence of GOD, the gospel has two great modes of access to the human heart; both, perhaps, conducive to the same good end. The one is through the channel of the *imagination*; the other, through that of *reason*. The former is more adapted to the ignorant and unenlightened part of mankind, who cannot reason, nor see the force of evidence. The Methodists all seem inclined to *this* mode of address: they apply to the imagination, and endeavour to inspire enthusiastic fervours, which may be very conducive, I don't doubt, to incite piety and devotion; but, if *we* grant that this mode of application may be of use to the ignorant and uninformed, the sectary, on *his* part, should grant, that it is not adapted to *general* use. To convince the learned infidel, you must not open upon him with the absolute necessity of faith, till you have convinced him of the foundation of that faith: nor tell him affecting stories of the sufferings of CHRIST, till he is satisfied of the reality of those sufferings. Again where worldly prejudices, and refined modes of

immorality, have mixed themselves with Christian doctrines, some learning is necessary to disentangle all the maze of error; and if the enthusiastic preacher call this worldly wisdom, I shall be apt to call him uncandid.

You must not expect me, dear madam, to wish you "*a merry Christmas.*" I never use that old, jovial wish of our ancestors: it sounds riotous in my ears. Nor shall I wish you "*the compliments of the season,*" which is only the same thing in the dress of modern refinement. But if you will be content with my wishing you, in plain English, every happiness that is consistent with this world, and may be hoped for in the next; I wish it with great cordiality.

Your's sincerely,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to
Mrs. M. HARTLEY.

Vicar's Hill, Sept. 15, 1795.

INDEED, my dear Madam, you need make no apology for "*troubling me with so much family history.*" You could not entertain me more. There is no kind of reading I take more pleasure in, than the lives and anec-

dotes of good people: and though I was not acquainted with the particulars of your father's life, as I had never seen the second edition of his work, yet I knew enough of him, to conceive him to have been a most respectable character. I think I told you in what high respect his writings were held by one of my intimate friends, who was amongst the acutest reasoners, and the best men, I ever knew. I wish you would give me a catalogue of every thing your father wrote, and the date of their first publication. I do not think he wrote much, besides his chief work; but I should be glad to hear from you. My acquaintance with a worthy clergyman, Mr. Green, of Hardingham, in Norfolk, was the occasion of my troubling you, at this time, with my enquiries about your father. I dare say I have mentioned this gentleman to you in some of my letters. I was never personally acquainted with him: but when I first printed my Exposition of the New Testament, he wrote me a very friendly letter, informing me, that ever since he had seen the Epistle to Philemon modernized, in the Christian Hero, by Sir Richard Steele, he had wished to see the whole Testament expounded in something of the same familiar manner, and that mine had entirely met his approbation. And then, to evince his sincerity, he mentioned to me two or three passages, which

he thought might be improved. As I received these corrections candidly, and wished for further remarks, he read the book critically; and, from time to time, gave me several other remarks, almost all of which I adopted. This critical correspondence, on scriptural subjects of different kinds, continued till his death, which happened at the end of the last year. After his death, his executors, or one of his friends, made me a present of his *works*, which were out of print; and, at my desire, gave me a few particulars of his *life*, with which I was totally unacquainted. His works consist of translations, from the original Hebrew, (for he was esteemed among our best Hebrew scholars,) of the Psalms, and other poetical parts of scripture; and I cannot but think, he gave the first hint to the Bishop of London, Dr. Blaney, and the present Primate of Ireland, who followed, with translations of different parts of the Bible, in the manner of Mr. Green. Mr. Green's Psalms were published sixteen years before Bishop Lowth published his Isaiah, which was the first of these biblical works I have mentioned. With regard to the particulars of his *life*, which were sent me, I find he had contracted an early acquaintance with Dr. Hartley, and that the Doctor's particular regard for him continued all his life, at Bath, and other places, where the Doctor resided; but from

their mutual employments they seldom met. I conceived, at first, it must have been some other Dr. Hartley; but you have convinced me it could be only your father. I suppose you do not remember his ever meeting with Mr. Green at Bath, or elsewhere? or hearing your father speak of him?

I have made an acquaintance lately with a gentleman, with whom, I believe, you are acquainted, Sir G. B. My brother brought him here, and they staid with me the best part of a week. Sir G. is a very pleasing man; and, I think, deeper in the science of painting than almost any man I know.

I am not acquainted with the school you mention, but I hear it well spoken of. A young heir in my parish, Mr. —, is just sent to it.

Your's, very sincerely,

W. G.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*To the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN, from
Mrs. M. HARTLEY,*

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 18.

I am much pleased to find that you took my letter kindly, and that you say it gave

you pleasure ; which I wished it should, though I was almost afraid to write, lest I should occasion your suffering any fatigue in answering me.

Now that I write again, I must begin with telling you, that I only wish you to read my letter, and to give it a friendly smile. I know well, that, in illness, it is often too great an exertion to attempt any more.

You say truly, that none of us can act up to our sentiments. Imperfect creatures as we are, and in a world of imperfections, it cannot be otherwise. But we have a kind Master, or rather a tender Father, who will look with a lenient eye on the failings of those who honestly endeavour to do well.

It is not my business to compliment you, that is not the office of a friend ; but I can have no doubt, that your own heart gives you comfort and support.

I am not surprized, that, at the time when you had, as you say, “ a near prospect of eternity, “ you should think of nothing else.” I was once in the same situation myself ; but when life returns, the thoughts of the mind must, unavoidably, return to the visible objects of the world in which we live ; and if they did not, we could not go on to accomplish those duties which yet remain. I rejoice sincerely, “ that it has pleased “ GOD to put you again into a state of exist-

“ence;” and that you are “able again to laugh, and joke, and talk, about Lord Nelson, &c.; in short, that you are become an inhabitant of this world, as you was before.” This is a very comfortable hearing to your friends; and I dare say, there is no reason to fear, that your worldly ideas will not be completely “kept within proper bounds.” Those which relate to the improvement of mankind, are ideas which relate to both worlds; and, I am sure, you must feel great comfort in thinking, that your parish, and your school, may one day, by your assistance, obtain everlasting happiness.

I do not remember that you ever before sent me “*The short Explanation, &c. for the Boldre School;*” but I am much pleased to receive it; and I think it most judiciously adapted to the purpose. I am pleased to see every practical duty clearly explained, while every abstruse and contested point is cautiously avoided. The little references that you make to natural history, and the growth of plants, the formation of animals, the influence of the sun, &c. and your Explanation of the Omnipresence of GOD, are certainly useful, in teaching the children to *think*, and yet are exemplified in so simple a way, that they cannot mislead. Yet I never read a book of question and answer in my life, where it did not appear to me, that such questions were asked,

which it was *convenient* to answer; and that perhaps, an acute and intelligent child might happen to ask a few more, which might *happen*, also, to embarrass the instructor.

The account of your *Poor-house* you had sent me before. I had been much pleased with the management of it, and the characters of the managers, Mr. and Mrs. S. Our worthy friend Mrs. — is here. We often meet, and we often talk of you, and your family. She knew your father and mother well; and says, that your mother was a very amiable and valuable woman, and (as *you* say) a woman of real sentiment; that your father was a man of excellent temper, and of the most gentleman-like character and manners that she ever knew. I read to her those charming letters you have been so good to communicate to me. With that of your mother, she was as much pleased as I am; but with that of your father, upon her death, she was affected, even to tears. Miss B. was here with her last night; and after having talked a great deal about you, I ventured to read those two letters again before her; for I knew she had taste enough to be worthy of them, and she *was* worthy. I then read her the long history of Scaleby Castle, which you gave me in August 1787; and after that, as the conclusion of the feast, your history of the present desolated state of that ruin!

She was extremely delighted with that very picturesque account of the vaulted hall, now inhabited at each end by a wretched family, &c. This description always delighted me; it is such perfect painting, that every image appears before the eye. Miss B. enjoyed it so much, that I read it to her twice: but she took notice that your little note (that you was born and bred there) must be as unintelligible to every reader, as it was to me. No one could conceive, that you were the son of either of those two wretched families; therefore the imagination must form to itself some wonderful and romantic event, which must have compelled your mother to take shelter, in such a situation, at the house where you was born. But still the imagination must go farther on, to supply more invention for the cause of your being *bred up* there; and I do not see how that could be managed, unless we suppose your mother to have been still confined there by some wicked fairy, or some cruel giant, like a princess in a fairy tale. Mr. — and Miss — say, that, when the next edition comes out, you ought to insert, as a note, that very letter in which you have given the history of your own family. I don't know whether I should advise your doing this *yourself*; but I shall preserve the letter; and some time or other, when you and I are both dead and gone, it may, perhaps,

get into a biographical history of you, written by Boswell the Second.

Your's, dear Sir, very truly,

M. H.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*To the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN, from
Mrs. M. HARTLEY.*

DEAR SIR,

Belvedere, 1799.

A Communication through the atmosphere, without the medium of pen and paper, would, indeed, be a delightful privilege. Had such a communication been in my power, I should have conveyed my thoughts to you as soon as I became acquainted with yours; but such powers are not allowed to mortal beings.

It seems not unlikely that beatified spirits will have some mode of communication, far more facile than we have any idea of. It is true, that we are informed of no particulars concerning our future state; but we are, in general, assured, that to those who shall be accepted, no happiness shall be wanting; and as we know that our dispositions are to be improved into perfect love and harmony, in society with innumerable multi-

tudes of "just men made perfect;" I see no harm in amusing ourselves with ideas of such blessed communications, as you allude to. All benevolent ideas improve the mind; and while we are thinking of social happiness in heaven, we shall probably be more disposed to promote it upon earth. Your sermons, and the establishment of your school, are parts of such a plan; and I hope you will see, in Heaven, those whom you have endeavoured to conduct thither; though I cannot help wishing, that your dismissal may be still deferred, as long as this life can be made easy and comfortable to you.

I have been looking back at your old letters, when we first discussed the subject of re-union with friends in a future state; and I must ingenuously confess, that I have done injury to your sentiments, in saying, that you seem to think there is no foundation for the hope of seeing and knowing our friends again in a future state. On the contrary, I see, that in those letters you speak of it as highly probable, "*that we shall unite hereafter with those with whom our souls have been connected here:*" but then you think that I lay more stress upon this enjoyment than it deserves. You tell me, that "we are directed to look up, not to the virtues of the creature, but to the perfections of the Creator." You say, that, "if we hope to be admitted to the divine

“ presence,” from whence we are taught that all our joys are to spring, we cannot conceive that the greatest part of our happiness, or, indeed, *any* material part of it, shall arise from conversing with creatures, whose brightest virtues are only dim emanations. What our admission to the divine presence may be, I cannot conceive; neither do I imagine that you (though much wiser than I am) can clearly explain to me; but though I must believe, that our knowledge of GOD’s perfections, in a future state, will be far greater than it can be here, and our love and gratitude far more intense; yet, as the distance between the great Creator and his creatures is infinite, I should imagine, that, in heaven, as well as upon earth, (though more perfectly there) we shall know Him in great measure by his works: while we look up to Him, as *the Author of all*, with veneration and adoration, as well as love and gratitude, our intimate and familiar communications will be with those emanations of virtue, which have received their source from Him. You say, in another letter, that the continuation of our earthly attachments is not among those future considerations which the scripture holds out; and this I must acknowledge to be true; for the scripture gives no particular description of those joys, which “ eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered

“into the heart of man to conceive.” Yet we are told, that we are to be associated with “the spirits of just men made perfect;” that “we are not to grieve for our departed friends, as those would do who have no hope.” This certainly conveys an idea, that we shall meet them again: but I agree with you entirely, that, in many cases, it is probable, the attachments of this world, and those of the next, may not coincide. You say very truly, that “our attachments here are often formed without sufficient knowledge; that we know not our own heart, much less the hearts of others; and that we have frequently too much reason to repent the hasty friendships we have contracted.” These hasty friendships, and all friendships that are not built upon virtue, will certainly be dissolved. Taste, genius, congenial manners, habits, and associations, and even union in the pursuit of knowledge, in a world where all the knowledge that can be acquired here shall vanish away, where the philosopher and the peasant shall be upon a level, will not be a sufficient foundation for the friendships of eternity. But gratitude surely will! And though you tell me, that I may possibly contract a friendship with an Ethiopian, or an Asiatic, of whom I know nothing in this world, I think it more natural to conceive, that the first affections of my mind will turn towards those

from whom I have received the most serious and the most virtuous obligations here; towards those, whose advice and example directed my youth; and towards those, who, in the course of my life, have confirmed every principle of virtue in my mind, from the bright pre-eminence of theirs. In any instance where I have loved without judgment, and have not found real virtue, though I thought I had, I cannot expect that my mistaken friendship will be revived, till the objects of it become as sincere and worthy as I had thought them. According to —* idea, this time will *finally* come to every one; and the *whole creation* will be, in some future day, a family of love and union. In the progress to this state, though our souls may be far above one another in perfection, no one will look down upon another, but those who are the farthest advanced will lend their most strenuous endeavours to bring forwards those who are striving to come up with them. There will be no jealousy, no envy, no wish for pre-eminence, in heaven. All will love GOD with their utmost powers, and all will love their fellow-creatures as themselves, enjoying happiness in unison with others, and not wishing for peculiar favour, even from GOD, to themselves individually.

The heavenly civility which you speak of, must be universal, unlimited benevolence. It

* Dr. Hartley.

is certainly very probable, that particular attachments may be formed in heaven, as upon earth, by particular circumstances; and none seem to me more probable, than the remembrances of those virtuous obligations which are past.

I do not quite like an idea, that I have somewhere seen, "that one spirit may *visit* another, " as a lord does a commoner, or, it may be, as a " commoner does a lord,

" Bowing low,

" As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n."

Although this is a line from the divine Milton, I think it is not one of his sublime thoughts. The conception of angelic beings, their minds, and their manners; are subjects of too high a flight for even a mind like his; and he does not excel so much in his descriptions of the Divine Being, and of angels, and archangels, as of men and demons.

Dear Sir, your's sincerely,

M. H.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Mrs. M. HARTLEY to the

Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN.

DEAR SIR,

June 18, 1800.

I Received your kind and cheerful letter with great satisfaction. I hope it denotes

bodily ease, as well as peace of mind. Undoubtedly I do think "cheerfulness a good attendant on illness;" and I am glad that you agree with me. I think it is a mark of resignation, and confidence in GOD, though there are times in the varying states of bodily infirmities, when the mind is not capable of enjoying it. What you say of your different sensations, has put me into a train of reflections. Without any gloominess of mind, I can perceive, both from reason and revelation, that this world is a state of trial; and, as my favourite author Butler expresses it, a state of *moral discipline*, and of education, to fit us for a more perfect state. But I hope, that those precepts which you quote, "*touch not, taste not, handle not,*" relate only to things that are wrong. For when we consider the goodness of our bountiful Creator, and the beautiful objects with which he has (as you say) replenished the world; who, that is not morose or melancholy, can conceive that it is a duty to shut our eyes to beautiful objects, or our ears to harmonious sounds? *These*, surely, are natural pleasures, and suitable enjoyments for innocent minds, not only harmless, but beneficial, when they interfere with no moral duty. If they do; if the fine prospect, or the concert, employ time or money which is due to any useful or charitable purpose; they should certainly

be relinquished; as any other favourite pursuit should be, when it interferes with duty. This I conceive to be the reason, why you have never indulged your genius to its *full extent*, but have thought it better to be a vigilant pastor, than a great painter. The elegant arts may have lost by this preference, but the virtues have gained; and when you shall hereafter see your well-instructed flock surrounding you in bliss, how will you rejoice, that you have given so much of your time and thoughts to them!

The histories we have of the lives of CHRIST, and his Apostles, do certainly give us no account of their enjoying even the most natural and innocent pleasures. Nothing is recorded of them, but the good they did, and the persecutions they endured. I often think how greatly their lives were different from ours. Theirs were past in labours and suffering, ours in peace and tranquillity; but I hope it may please GOD to conduct some to perfection “by prosperity, as others by adversity.” Both are trials; and the different state of the world produces different kinds of trials. In *their* day, Christianity was persecuted; now it is established, at least in *externals*. Whenever the perfect and interior adoption of its benevolent precepts shall come; when all men shall do good, and not evil; to teach others the virtues of patience, forbearance,

and forgiveness of injuries, will have no place. But shall we be then less virtuous, because we are more happy? Such a state, indeed, is not yet arrived, but I trust in the providence of GOD! that it is arriving, though by slow degrees; and that the day *will* come, in which all vice, and all misery, will be taken away. We know, at least, that it will be so in heaven; and your “idea, that “we may possibly be there presented “with scenes of transcendent beauty, to which “the scenery of this world may bear some faint “resemblance,” is like a thought which formerly occurred to Milton, when he made the Angel Raphael say to Adam,

“What if earth
 “Be but the shadow of heav’n, and things therein,
 “Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?”

Such ideas are pleasing to our *imagination*s, as *they are now formed*; but I do not feel curious on the subject: It suffices me to know, that GOD intends *our happiness*; and to believe, that, at the *end*, all his creatures will be grateful to Him, and kind to each other. The *manner* I am well content to leave to his providence.

Farewell, dear Sir; I wish to you, and Mrs. Gilpin, a pleasant and happy summer; and I am your obliged and affectionate friend,

M. H.

LETTER XL.

*From the Rev. Mr. GILPIN to ****.*

DEAR SIR,

Vicar's Hill, 1794.

ACCORDING to your desire, I have looked over your work with a critic's eye; and I have taken great liberties with your stile, which I do, upon the principle of performing a trust. You may adopt, or not, as you please. A good stile,* in my opinion, consists in the fewest and easiest words, arranged in the simplest and most natural order, and running as smoothly as the ear will admit. On these principles I have used my correcting pen; all quaint phrases, and embarrassed sentences, should be avoided. You

* There are a sort of writers, who presume, like the Pharisees of old, that they shall be heard for their much speaking. They puzzle and dim that argument, with many words, which might be made clear and convincing in a few. These are tiresome, and do the mind little service. Ever when you write, or speak, (unless you intend to mislead,) give your argument simply, with clearness and shortness. Use no more words than are necessary to give it, and to enforce it; thus your single sheet shall be remembered, and made use of, when volumes of similies and metaphors are forgot.

will find an example of what I mean by an embarrassed sentence, in the middle of the 46th page; where you must read two or three lines, before you can guess what is to come.

With regard to the work itself, I think it a very entertaining one; but still I think many things might be added. You say little of drink. The history of bread might be useful and entertaining. You might tell us how the poor lived; and, with regard to the conclusion, I think you are much too short: you might introduce a little more morality; you might draw equal instruction from the necessities of mankind, and from their luxuries; you might shew, that the stomach of a man is able to convert into aliment a greater variety of things, than the stomach of any other animal; which shews, (what the naturalist proves, from his being better able to bear the extremes of heat and cold,) that he is fitted by nature to bear every climate. Indeed his reason assists him, by the art of cookery, to alter and adapt his food. It is a melancholy consideration, that while half mankind are pining in want, the other half are consuming the blessings of heaven in intemperance. These and other similar observations occur. You make much use of the word *viands*; I have always erased it. People take dislikes to words. I conceive viands to be rather

a poetical word ; at least it is not so plain and good a word, I think, as food.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your faithful obedient servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

LETTER XLI.

*From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to ****.*

DEAR SIR,

Vicar's Hill, April 1795.

I Received, yesterday, the book you were so obliging to order for me; and I return you my best thanks, both for it, and the honour I see you have done me. When I see a beautiful prospect, I commonly take a general view of the whole together, before I examine particulars. Such a view I have already taken of your book; and I find, though I am no antiquary, a great variety of amusing matter for me to speculate upon, at more leisure.

I used to tell you, formerly, I did not think your stile quite simple enough. As far as I have yet read, I think your work is written with more ease; and yet I met with a few sentiments, which, perhaps, might have been otherwise expressed. In the first paragraph, for instance, instead of

the imagery you employ, the sentence would, I think, have run more easily, if you had barely said * * * * *

When you write, keep always in your mind what a great critic says of him, *qui nil molitur inepte*. I hope you will consider this freedom as a compliment: I mean it as such, I assure you, to your candour.

I suppose you have seen Wyndham's Account of the Isle of Wight, but I dare say you keep clear of him. I have by me some strictures on the Isle of Wight; but I keep clear of you all, for mine are chiefly picturesque.

Sir John D'Oyley shewed me some old coins, which, I think, he said you gave him. You know I admire these things only as an artist, and I thought those coins among the most beautiful of any I had ever seen. We make no such dies now, as some of the first Cæsars.

My wife and sister beg their best compliments to your family; with those of, dear Sir, your sincere and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

LETTER XLII.

*From the Rev. Wm. GILPIN to ****.*

DEAR SIR, *Vicar's Hill, March 22, 1797.*

I Received your parcel yesterday; and have an opportunity to-day, by Miss —, of returning you my best thanks for it. I have already read the greatest part of your book, and have been much more entertained with it, than a picturesque man commonly is with a piece of antiquity. *He* seeks after what is curious and beautiful, the antiquary after what is curious and antique. I was particularly pleased with your *Army-Smiths*. The idea was quite new to me. The church I was ordained to, was within a few yards of the Roman wall, which I have crossed over and over, without ever thinking of Severus, or taking up a single fragment. I dare say, you would have thought a living of a hundred a year there, better than a living of double] the value in any other place. But I think you may be contented. I had no conception that you were in such a field of antiquity as you are at Bath.

A young man at Lymington, of the name of ****, has lately set up a printing-press. He

seems to me a very deserving young fellow. I have set his press a going, by giving him a sermon to print. If I meet with an opportunity, I will send you a specimen of our workmanship,

We beg to be remembered kindly to all your family, as well as to Mr. ****; and believe me, dear Sir, your sincere and obedient servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN,

LETTER XLIII.

*From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to ****.*

DEAR SIR, *Vicar's Hill, Oct. 19, 1801.*

I Heard only yesterday morning of your marriage, by Mr. —, who called upon me. I should otherwise have done earlier what I now do, congratulate you on the occasion. From his account of your lady, I hope you have a prospect of great happiness before you; and I know little of you, if you do not make her a very kind, attentive husband; so I hope there is every reason to expect a happy marriage. *You are beginning life; Mrs. G. and I are ending it; but, through the blessing of GOD!* with much more comfort than we could expect at our years. Since my late illness, I have never been perfectly well. It has

left a cough, and shortness of breath. I am obliged to see more company than I wish: but I have a kind friend, who manages things dexterously for me. I commonly sit in my bow-windowed parlour below stairs, and all company is carried into the drawing-room above; and such company as I wish to see, or want to see me, she sends down to me. Once more, my dear Sir, I join with my family in congratulating you, and paying our kind respects to all under your roof.

Your very sincere

And faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

LETTER XLIV.

*From the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN to ****.*

Vicar's Hill, July 7, 1802.

I Received yesterday, my dear Sir, your agreeable communication. But as I see, from your letter, that you have communicated an event to me, in which, like a young father, you think half Europe is concerned, I know not

how to address you. If, however, you will be content with a plain congratulation, you shall have it cordially from me, at the head of my family; in which, also, my son and daughter unite. We desire you will carry our congratulations a step farther, to Mrs. ****, to whom we desire to be kindly remembered.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your sincere and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

JOSEPH AMEEN,
THE ARMENIAN PRINCE.

JOSEPH AMEEN was first noticed in England during the war which terminated in 1763. It has been said, that the first Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland, observed him carrying a heavy burthen into his mansion in the Strand; and being struck with his appearance, made some enquiries, which led to the discovery of his rank, and present situation; that, interested by this history of the Prince's sufferings, his Lordship immediately afforded him his countenance and support. It will be found, however, that this account is not strictly accurate. The late B. Wilson, esq; the artist, was intimately acquainted with Ameen, and had painted three pictures of him; one for Lord Lyttleton, one for the Duke of Northumberland, and a third for Ameen himself: and the following are the particulars which Mr. Wilson used to relate of this extraordinary character. All the circumstances of the hardships he underwent, which Ameen mentions in his letters, were, literally, facts; and to these he might have added many others, equally severe, which Mr. W. knew he had endured. So very low was he at one time reduced, as to be compelled to black shoes, for a scanty subsistence, at St. James's Gate, where he was treated by the populace with contempt and abuse. During this state of degradation, he was accustomed to frequent the Royal Exchange, in the hope of seeing some one from his own country who knew him, or to whom he might be able to make himself

known. As he was one day wandering through the Piazzas; bitterly lamenting his repeated disappointments, he observed a Turk, of whom he had some knowledge, bargaining with a person (who proved to be steward to the Earl of Northumberland) for the sale of a set of Arabian horses; and soon understood, from what passed between this Mussulman, and another of his countrymen, to whom he spoke in the Turkish language, that a gross imposition was intended to be practised upon the Englishman. Ameen's principle of integrity revolted at this villainy; and, determined to expose it, he accosted the steward, and, without hesitation, informed him of the discovery he had made. The steward being much struck, both with the man, his information, and the manner in which it was given, enquired into the particulars of the history of a person, to whom he felt under considerable obligation. Ameen related his "unvarnished tale," and succeeded so well in interesting his auditor in his favour, that the steward took an early opportunity of communicating what had happened, and what he had heard, to the Earl; who immediately sent for Ameen, held a long conference with him, became convinced of the truth of his story, relieved his embarrassments, and finally honoured him with his patronage, and an introduction to the Duke of Cumberland, and other characters of dignity and influence. Mr. Wilson used to describe Ameen as a man of strong enthusiasm of character, high spirits, and invincible bravery. Engaging, as a volunteer, in some of our descents upon the coast of France, in the war of 1763, he was the first man who fired the enemy's shipping at St. Maloes, where he fought with the fury of a bull-dog. His mind seemed to be absorbed by the military passion, and the idea of emancipating his country from the tyranny of the Turks, to be his principal object. This

darling hope he cherished through all his sufferings; and to this end all his exertions; all his wishes, pointed, as is strongly marked in the following Letters to the Earl of Northumberland; Prince Heraclius, and his father. From Prince Heraclius he never received any answer; but having obtained the means of getting into Armenia, he joined Heraclius, who gave him a command in his army, where he evinced abundant proofs of military skill and courage.

Mr. Wilson related, that Ameen's countenance was strongly characterized by the violent and ferocious passions; which were evidenced, also, in his manner. He was one day sent for to Northumberland House, when the Duke of Cumberland, Archbishop Secker, and several other distinguished personages, were at dinner there. After having detailed all the circumstances of his eventful life to the company, and answered a variety of questions that were put to him, he suddenly exclaimed; to the Duke of Northumberland, in such an impassioned manner as electrified all present; "My Lord! I *know* you will protect me; I *know* you will take care of me!" Being, upon another occasion, with the celebrated Lord Lyttleton, who patronized him, Ameen explained to his Lordship the hopes he entertained of freeing his native land. Lord Lyttleton represented to him, at large, the hardihood and difficulty of the attempt, and concluded his speech by asking him, what he could say to the obstacles which presented themselves to his scheme? Ameen's countenance suddenly inflamed, his features became furious, and he shortly exclaimed, "By —, I'll overcome them."

He used frequently to visit Mr. Wilson, who was very kind to him, and had long enjoyed his affection and confidence. Calling one day on this gentleman, he shewed Ameen the prints of Alexander's battle, after Le Brun.

Ameen had read the history of the Macedonian's conquests, and when he beheld these representations of them, a degree of fury animated his countenance and gestures, which Wilson declared no description could reach. On another occasion, he brought with him to Mr. Wilson's a man in a Turkish habit, a fine, tall, athletic and warlike figure. "Behold this man," said he to Mr. W. "he was once one of my slaves. I commanded a khord of Arabs; and this man, and some hundreds more, fought bravely under me. Is it not true?" "Yes," answered the other, with emphasis. "And if I go again, will you once more follow me?" "With my heart and soul," said the stranger. "And will your countrymen follow me?" "Can you doubt it?" was the Arab's only, but emphatic, reply.

Ameen was in England more than once; for on being enabled to return to his native country with some credit, he attempted to reach Hamadan by the way of Arabia; but after encountering a variety of dangers and adventures, suffering many distresses, and penetrating a considerable way into the mountains, he was at length stopped by an impassable snow, and returned to England. He did not, however, then meet with the same credit which he had before obtained; his story was not believed; and many of his former friends began to suspect that he was an impostor. This stung him to the heart; he burned with rage and vexation; and determined not to rest, till he had vindicated his honour and veracity. It was during this painful interval, that he brought the Arab to Mr. Wilson, as above-mentioned. Having at length recovered the confidence of his patrons, he obtained an audience of Lord Chatham, (then Mr. Pitt,) and made proposals to him, from Prince Herachus, in behalf of Armenia: but the difficulty of the enterprize, and the uncertainty of any result beneficial to this

country, prevented Government from espousing his cause. At another time, Ameen served in the British army in Germany; was known to, and continually near, the commander in chief, who called him "his lion's heart." At the battle of Minden, he afforded ample proofs that this appellation had not been undeservedly bestowed. He served also, for a short time, under the King of Prussia, but left his army in disgust; highly incensed both with the Monarch, and Sir Joseph York; with the latter, because he had not given him a letter to the King of Prussia; and with the King, because he would not suffer him to be near his person. He afterwards went to Russia, where he experienced much kindness, both from the Empress, and the English ambassador there; and from thence found means to reach his native country, and join, once more, Prince Heraclius in Georgia.

He corresponded, for some time after his return to Armenia, with the late Lord Lyttleton; and in his last letter informed his Lordship, that he had at length reluctantly relinquished the idea of exciting a military spirit among his countrymen; that they were devoted to a mercantile life, and must continue to live and die—slaves.

Ameen possessed little of "the milk of human kindness;" but he had all the virtues of a *partizan*; and, had his energies been aided by the zeal of his own countrymen, and the assistance of other governments, he would, probably, have transmitted a name to posterity, as deservedly celebrated for patriotism and military success, as any of the heroes, either in ancient or modern times.

LETTER XLV.

From JOSEPH AMEEN *to the* EARL of
NORTHUMBERLAND.

MY LORD,

17—.

I Present you with the specimen of my writing, that I promised: it is too bold, I am afraid, to make myself the subject, when I write for your Lordship; but forgive, my good Lord, the language of a stranger. I have been in too low condition, to know how to write proper to your Lordship; but you speak to me more kind and humble than mean people, so I am encouraged.

I have very good designs, and I have suffered much hardships for them. I think your Lordship will not despise a person in mean condition, for thinking of something more than livelihood. I have, with a very good will, thrown behind me a very easy livelihood for this condition, mean as it is; and I am not troubled, if I can carry my point at last.

As long as I can remember my own family, (and I remember my grandfather,) they have always been soldiers, and always did remember CHRIST. Though they were torn out of their country by Shah Abbas, and planted in Hama-

dan, they were soldiers still. Two of my uncles did spill their blood in the service of Kouli Khan; my father was his slave for many years, but he was at last forced to fly into India, because this tyrant had sharpened his battle-axe more upon his own army, than upon his enemies. Soon after, my father sent for me to Calcutta, where he is a merchant. There I saw the fort of the Europeans; and the soldiers exercise, and the shipping, and that they were dexterous and perfect in all things. Then I grieved with myself for my religion, and my country, that we were in slavery and ignorance; like Jews, vagabonds upon earth; and I spoke to my father upon all this, because our fathers did not fight for their country: but I understood that the black Armenians, in the mountains, were free, and handled arms from their childhood; and that those under the patriarchs, who are subject to the Turks and Persians, did not want courage; but they are all ignorant, and fight only with wild natural fierceness, and so they have no order, and do nothing but like robbers. And I resolved I would go to Europe, to learn the art military, and other sciences to assist that art: and I was sure, that if I could go into Armenia like an European officer, I might be useful, at least, in some degree, to my country. But my father did not listen to me;

for GOD did not give him understanding in these things.

I could not bear to live like a beast, eating and drinking without liberty or knowledge. I went to Capt. Fox, of the ship Walpole, and kissed his feet a hundred times, to let me work for my passage to Europe, before he would bend to me; but he did at last admit me, and I came to England with much labour; but it did not grieve me, when I thought of my country.

I entered, with my little money, into Mr. Middleton's academy. I had the honour to tell your Lordship so before. I was first a scholar, and when my money was gone, I was then a servant there for my bread; for I could not bear to go like a dog, wagging a tail at people's doors for a bit of bread. I will not grieve your Lordship with the miseries I went through; *I do not want to be pitied.* I got service at last with Mr. Robarts, a grocer, in the city. For this time I carried burdens of near 200*lbs.* upon my back, and paid out of my wages to learn geometry, and to complete my writing, and just to begin a little French: but because, my Lord, I almost starved myself to pay for this, and carried burdens more than my strength, I hurt myself, and could not work any longer; so that I was in despair, and did not care what did become of me. A friend put me to write with an at-

torney in Cheapside, which for a little time got me bread : but I was resolved, in despair, to go again to India, because nobody would put out his hand to help me to learn ; and my uncle sent £60 to Governor Davis, to carry me back.

I am afraid I am too troublesome in my account to your Lordship ; but we people of Asia cannot say little, and a great deal, like scholars. Now I met, by chance, some gentleman who encouraged me, and gave me books to read, and advised me to kiss Capt. Dingly's hands, and shew my business to him. He was a brave soldier ; took me by the hand ; spoke to his serjeant, an honest man, to teach me the manual exercise ; and gave me Toland's Military Discipline, and promised to help me to learn gunnery and fortification. But I was again unfortunate ; for when light just began to come to my eyes, he died, and I was like as before, except that I knew a little of manual exercise, and had read some of the Roman history. I could learn no more, nor live ; I was broke to pieces, and bowed my neck to Governor Davis, to go over to my friends, without doing any of those things I suffered for.

I am in this net at present, but am happier than all mankind, if I can meet any great man that can prevail on Governor Davis to allow me something out of the money he has (only on

condition I return, that I *return to blindness again*;) that I may go through evolutions with recruits, and learn gunnery and fortification; and if there is war, to go one year as a volunteer. If Governor Davis writes that I have a great man here my protector, my father, who looks upon me as a person run away, and forsaken, will make me an allowance to learn. If I could clear my own eyes, and serve my country and my religion, that is trod under foot of Mussulmans, I would go through all slavery and danger with a glad heart; but if I must return, after four years slavery and misery, to the same ignorance, without doing any good, it would break my heart.

My Lord, in the end, I beg pardon. I have experienced of your Lordship's goodness, else I would not say so much. I would not receive, but return. And I want nothing, but a little speaking from the authority of India Governor to my friends. I have always been honest. Those I have been a slave to will say I am honest. Mr. Gray trusted me.

Here is a sort of story, nothing but your Lordship's goodness can make tolerable to you. I am much obliged to your Lordship's patience; and shall be very proud of giving your Lordship all the proof in my power, that I am your Lordship's very much obedient and humble servant,

JOSEPH AMEEN,

LETTER XLVI.

From JOSEPH AMEEN *to* PRINCE HERACLIUS,

*To the most shining, most Christian King, Hera-
clius, of Georgia and Armenia, these.*

MY KING, 1755.

ALL things that have been from the beginning of the world to this day, are by the will of GOD. According to the scriptures, “all things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made.” GOD created the heavens and the earth, the sea and the land; and it is he that made you king over two nations, Armenia and Georgia. Glory be to GOD, the Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, that made you defender and protector of these Christian nations, and of their faith; which have been for many hundred years under the hands of your Majesty’s family. The same GOD will, I hope, deliver those Christians who are under the hands of Ottomans. For there is no difficulty in the mighty hands of GOD; and whoever trusts in Him, shall not be alarmed. It was He that delivered Israel by the hand of the prophet Moses, out of the hands of Pharaoh, and fed them with manna, according to the holy Psalms, which

saith, " man did eat the bread of Angels." May the same GOD preserve and strengthen the wrist of your Majesty, to defend us from the encroachments of barbarians. Amen.

Having heard the fame of your Majesty's brave conquest, by which you have possessed the two kingdoms of Georgia and Armenia, and that at present they are under your Majesty's protection; being desirous, from the readiness of my soul, to offer your Majesty my services, which I beg you will make no difficulty to *accept*; as money is far from the desire of your Majesty's servant, who wishes nothing but to serve him who has the rule over his nation; for while I am here, I want nothing. I have a great friend here; and that friend is my protector; and that protector is the son of the King of England. If it please your Majesty to instruct me in your will and pleasure, that I may petition to this great Prince, in order to obtain leave to come and serve you as an European officer, according to my low abilities; and that I may teach your soldiers to fight like Europeans, who are well known to your Majesty, that with a few men they overcome many. Your Majesty has heard of the German nation, who, with no more than 20,000, are able to give battle to hundred thousands Mahomedans or Turks, and enemies to the Christian nations. I would also acquaint your

Majesty how it is, and by what means the European nations are such conquerors, and so brave warriors.

First, a man is obliged to enter himself in the house of exercise, which they call here an academy, to learn, or to study, four or five years, the art of war; that is to say, the art of building strong castles, the like of which are not to be found in all Asia; and also the art of managing great guns in such manner, as none of our fortifications could stand before them for three days. Likewise, the manner of encamping, with judgment; and the way of ranging the soldiers, so that they are like a wall of iron, not to be broken: and after having thoroughly completed his study in that art, he leaves the place, goes and offers himself and his service to his prince or king; thereby becomes an officer, or fighter for his King and country, and by long experience perfects himself in that *great art*. For the art of war here is not to be undertaken easily. It contains many things difficult to be known by Turks or Persians, and very much preferable to the mere strength of arm. See, O King, it is not by the strength of arm that these nations are called conquerors, but by wisdom and art. Here every thing is by art, and by wisdom; for without wisdom the land is not land, and the nations that dwell therein are blind and unhappy. Ac-

ording to the Old Testament, which saith, "GOD made the heavens, and the earth," by his infinite wisdom, therefore GOD loveth wisdom. For this reason, I say, whoever followeth wisdom, he is dear to, and beloved of GOD! For, from wisdom proceeds all manner of goodness: also, a man is not righteous without wisdom, nor wise without righteousness.

The ancient Romans, who were so great, gave laws, and subdued all nations of the world: this was by art and wisdom, before our Saviour, although they were idolaters. But they were virtuous, and lived in good morals. Another example. Peter the Great, of Russia, who used not to be so great a warrior, and his country, could never have been so blessed, and flourished; had he not come over here to learn wisdom; who, when he was in Holland, served in a place of ship-building like one of the labourers, and humbled himself therein. "Whosoever humbled himself, shall be exalted," &c.: and when he returned into his own country, he was full of all manner of wisdom, by which he made himself father, as well as lord and king, over his country.

These are things which made the people of Europe to be conquerors, and to be esteemed more wise than all the nations upon the face of the earth. For among them are learned men, who study the way in which GOD has made

all things according to their nature; by which they are able to do things of great wonder and usefulness.

They send, likewise, into every part of the world, at a great expense, for to learn all things that are produced upon or under the earth, by which they are increased in wisdom and riches; their riches are very great; their people are very happy, not being afraid of fame or danger; and they are under excellent laws, by which no man is suffered to do wrong to another, though he be weak and poor.

But this nation, this great and mighty nation, O my King, where I live, are not only a great and wise nation, but also destroyers of the devourers of mankind; I am surprised to see, that even the sheep in this country rest in quietness, without fear of the wolves.

May the great GOD grant your Majesty's subjects to follow their example, and to grow wise and conquerors, under the wisdom and courage of your Majesty; to whom GOD grant long life to tread your enemies, like dust, under your feet.

May it please your Majesty to know who your servant is, that raises his head to speak to you, and takes pains to know these things, with much labour, for your Majesty's service, to whom GOD give victory.

The name of your servant is Ameen, the son of Joseph, the son of Michael, the son of George, who is descended from Ameen, who, in the day that Armenia was broke under the battle-axe of Shah Abbas, was Minbaschy in his country; but he was made captive, with others, and was carried into Persia, and planted at Hamadan.

From him your Majesty's servant is come, and he is called of his name, being born at Hamadan. But our captivity was grievous; and the Persians, who, since their Mahomedanism, (which is so well known to your Majesty,) are grown quite barbarous, not being so civilized as they were in ancient times, according to the histories I have read in this blessed island; so that my father fled from Hamadan, in the time of Shah Thœmas, and Kouli Khan, into India, to a place called Calcutta, where the English have fort and soldiers, and a great trade, though their country is seven months voyage from Bengal. There my father made himself merchant to this day; and would have made me such as himself, but I did not submit to him. For I enquired of my fathers, from my infancy, the reason why we were persecuted by infidels, and why we did reside so contemptibly among lawless nations. But they made me no answer, and my heart was grieved, and I had none to comfort me in my grief; for I said, "the ants that creep

“ upon the earth have a king, and we have not ;”
 and the nations of all countries make their song
 upon us, also persecuting us, and saying to us,
 that “ you are masterless ; you have no king of
 “ your own ; you resemble the Jews scattered
 “ upon the face of the earth ; you have no love
 “ for one another, you are without honour, and,
 “ by the disunity of your nation, all the nations
 “ insult you. You are contemptible, and without
 “ zeal ; and you are as great lovers of money, as
 “ the heathens were of their gods.” I could not
 bear all these reflections, so I grieved. and found
 none to heal me. I observed watchfully the
 Europeans, their wise customs, and their shipping,
 far better, both for sailing and for war, than the
 ships of the Indians ; and above all, the practice
 of their soldiers, who, if there were thousands of
 men, by one word of command from their officers,
 instantly altogether move and act, as if they were
 one man. Then I thought in my mind, that it
 was GOD that had put in my heart to think on
 all these things ; therefore I spoke not to my
 father, but had hopes in my heart, that if I went
 to England, I should learn the art of war ; and
 I was encouraged ; for then I heard a little (and
 not much) of your Majesty’s name, until I came
 here ; where I learned that your Majesty was
 established in your kingdom, and had routed a
 great army of Persians. See, O my King, what

a great thing the wisdom is, by which this nation know *our* country better than we do; and that this nation is awakened, and we are asleep. On board the ship I worked like a sailor; and afterwards, when I came here, I was so reduced, that I was forced, by hunger, to offer myself to sale upon the Bazaar, to be sent into the New World. O, my King! do *not pity me!* Not even at the time that you hear of, or see, me sacrificed in your service; but pity those servants of CHRIST who *deserve pity*. But the omnipotent hand of GOD saved me by an Englishman; and the same GOD, who heard the crying of my heart, did put it into the heart of a generous Nobleman, who is one of the pillars of the throne of England, to assist me. He made me explain the counsel of my heart; he made me known to the son of the King of England; he sent me to the place of education, where I learned the art of war according to wisdom.

My ambition is, to lay my knowledge at the feet of your Majesty, and to serve you to the best of my abilities. For know, O my King, that what is not built upon knowledge, though it was so very strong and lofty, is, as it were, built upon sand. Therefore, my purpose is to go well instructed into your Majesty's service, and to carry with me men skilful in all things, (if you give me encouragement,) to strengthen

and polish your kingdom, like the kingdoms of Europe ; for you have a good country, and command over many brave men : and if you could gather the Armenians, a rich and trading people, who are scattered to the east, and to the west, and the north, and the south, under the protection of your Majesty's mighty arms, in your own country, no kingdom in the east would be like your kingdom, for riches and glory.

May the eternal GOD, the Father of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, sharpen your scymetar upon all your enemies, and strengthen the wrist of your Majesty's right-hand, to protect our distressed nation, according to the wishes and labours of your servant,

JOSEPH AMEEN.

LETTER XLVII:

From JOSEPH AMEEN to his Father.

MY FATHER,

London, 17—.

THE son of virtue is bravery, and bravery cannot be without virtue: for as the Son proceedeth from the Father, so bravery does from virtue. More plainly to speak to thee, O my father; thou art a virtuous man; and if I am thy true son, I am bound to be

brave ; by which I may be worthy to be called thy son, and also worthy of the name of that of our great forefather, Ameen. O my father Joseph, the reason of my departure from thee is to obtain bravery. What are thy thoughts? Dost thou think, that I am come here only to learn the English language? No : I am come to learn the art of war, which is preferable to all the arts upon the world ; this art is so precious, that it is always spoken of in the presence of Cæsars and kings. By this very art we are to give battle against the persecutors and enemies of our Christian nation, which stands captive under their hands. It is inexpressible, the preciousness of this great art ; for without it, it is impossible that our religion should ever shine. We shall always be persecuted under our enemies, if we do not strive to learn it. My father, these were the reasons of the departure of thine only son ; and when I used to mention them to thee, instead of commending me for it, thou didst always insult me, and turn thy countenance from me, as if I was speaking of treason. And now I would not tell thee so plainly and openly my mind, if I had not accidentally met a Nobleman, who, when he was made acquainted with the counsel of my heart, and the hardship which I underwent for the sake of my nation, was surprized ; loved me like a father ; gave me money ;

spoke of me to the son of the King of England, and also to several Noblemen. Again, he asked me what was my design, that made me come away from my father? And when I made answer, and said, that I am come to learn the art of war, still he loved me, and comforted me, and said to me, "Be contented, I will make interest for thee to the son of our King, to give thee order that thou mayest go to the place of education, and learn what thou desirest; where are all the sons of noblemen learning the art of war, and thou shalt learn the same with them." O my father, be glad; for GOD is with me. I am not come here to learn luxury and extravagancy; I am come to obtain worthiness, to learn wisdom, to know the world, and to be called a perfect servant to my sheeplike, shepherdless, Armenian nation. Again, know ye, that if you had made a present, or had spent 5000 rupees, you could not be able to get me such great and noble friends. Therefore, it is ALMIGHTY GOD that has showered down upon me his infinite mercy; for it is He that knows the counsel of my heart, and my heart is unto Him. He is Father of all that trust in Him; without Him is nothing, and nothing can be done.

Michia, my uncle, you seem to be very angry with me, my beloved. What were my sins? Why have you forgot me in that manner? Why

don't you comfort me with a philosophical letter of yours? I have driven myself even to death, for your sakes; and instead of encouraging me, you think me a prodigal. I believe, that you have heard of the wrath of my sweet father, who had rejected me from being his son. After his arrival on board of the ship, he sent a letter to the hand of my shepherd David, and it was written in this manner :

“ Brother David, knowest thou so far, that
 “ there is no absolution for Ameen, my son;
 “ unless he is crucified, his head downward, for
 “ the sake of his nation, as Apostle Peter was
 “ crucified.”

Thou seest he was comparing such a sinner as me to that great saint; but he should have patience to stay, that I might obtain worthiness first, and then be crucified. He thought that he could pronounce that word *crucified* with ease; but he did not imagine the difficulty of the loss of his only son: and after all those great torments and hardships which I have been under, I am beginning to make his name and yours to shine. You all desire me to return; ignorant I came, and ignorant you would have me to go.

You are indebted to hearten me. I am contented to obtain an *empty* letter, either from thee, or from my father; even that you will not do. O. my compassionate uncle, if I have sinned

before my father, tell me what evil have I been culpable of towards you? why *you* forsake me so? I know, within myself, that it is only my Ruler David, who bears and weighs the torments and smarts from my father: My father cannot blame you; for, at the time of my desertion, you was at Soidapad; and my Ruler David at Calcutta, from whence I took my flight; therefore, let me die for him; let my blood be under his feet. It is true, that *you* are my shepherd; but he is only my Ruler and my manager, my comptroller and my comforter, my supporter and my teacher. I cry, I roar for David to see; but in vain. I cannot ——— and thou, Mirzabeck, the soul of my soul, * * * * *

My Ruler David, thy favour of the 3d of February, from Hugley, arrived here the 14th December, 1755, by the hand of John Mills, to the hand of Stephanus Coggian; but I did not see the person who brought thy letter. I received it from Stephanus. It was a great joy to me to obtain such a fatherly letter from thee; and I was very thankful to GOD for having such a Ruler as thee in this world. My sweet father is a little angry with me, that I did not submit to his will; but I know within myself, that a fruitful tree is dear and humble, its branches bend to the ground. Therefore, while I am fruitless, it is impossible for me to obtain humbleness;

but when I am fruitful, it is natural then I should be humble. A second example. A valiant warrior, while he is in the battle, is obliged to appear proud; first, among his soldiers; secondly, against his enemy; and, if he should obtain a conquest over them, it is then natural to appear humble, if he is a true warrior. These are my less understanding thoughts; may your great wisdom approve them.

I last year sent two letters, by the hand of Mr. Davis, to the hand of Mr. Manningham, to be given to you. I am in great hopes that you will perform what I have already desired in them; to write to Mr. Davis, to pay me the money deposited in his hands; but if not, let it then be your pleasure. Let me tell you, that I have no need of money here; but you will all repent, for not believing your son. So much is sufficient to your understanding, if you read this letter with care and wisdom. But if you please to be friends with me, it is a debt upon you to do *thus*.—First, to write to Mr. Davis, to pay me the 500 rupees; secondly, a letter, with great thanks, and presents to this my protector Nobleman, of whose name I shall mention in this letter. The presents that you shall send me are as follow: * * * * *

They may be worthy of this great Nobleman's lady, whose great spirit and generosity is higher

than language, and who herself stooped down to take notice of me.

My father, you will think that I don't want to come home to you. Don't you think so. I long for it. My longing is measureless; and it is so great, that I cannot explain it. Your love is as hot in my heart as fire; and for the sake of that love, I have first made myself a mariner, and laboured hard for six months; secondly, when I arrived here, I did serve to Stephen, like a captive; thirdly, after turning me out of his house, three weeks I lived upon threehalfpence a day. Fourthly, I went to sell myself, but Providence sent to me the son of my schoolmaster, who delivered me from being recaptive. Fifthly, I have lost one year's service. Sixthly, I was a load carrier, a porter, for two years, and paid £17 out of that laborious and slaving employment to Stephen, who spent for me while I was with him. And at last, from portership, did arise myself to clerkship. There I have writ about three months; and absented from thence, I was again driven into my old distresses. O father! without money, without friend, but the LORD in heaven; until, one day, this great man, whom I have mentioned above, who had heard of my character, sent me his servant, and I was admitted to him; and when I was come into his presence, after knowing my counsel, and the law which is

for you, and for my nation, he was surprized, and said to me, “ O Ameen, it is very hard to live “ in this country without friend, and without “ money, almost four years; therefore the LORD “ is with you. Be contented; I will from this “ time provide and furnish you with all neces- “ saries;” and, said he, “ I will mediate to the “ son of our King; and, after you have learned “ the art of war, I will send you to your father “ and uncles.” The noble lady comforted me likewise, and said, “ Don’t despair; be glad; “ O zealous for thy country, Ameen.” Be not afraid, then, my father. Almighty and Sabbath GOD it is, that has put in my heart to depart from you, and come here, that I might be able to serve my masterless country. Therefore, pray to GOD for me, with a strong mind, with trust and patience. The name of the nobleman is the Earl of Northumberland; he is a lord of a great worth with the King of this land. Great men, and nobles, all that know him, love him; and it is three weeks since he knew me. I dine at his palace; and he has given me a good deal of money and books; his goodness and friendship is measureless. Many times I dined with great men here, through his friendship. It is to him that I am indebted for great strength and comfort I receive from a nobleman, called Sir Charles Stanhope, who is father to me. He has

made me known to another nobleman, called my Lord Cathcart, who is a soldier, and gave me much encouragement. Once more be glad. As to what I have writ to you, perform it. The loss of seven years I shall repair in one month! **GOD ALMIGHTY** will deliver us from all difficulties.

Be ye all in health!

J. A.

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON,

AND

JOSEPH FOWKE, Esq.

OF the colossal intellect, varied learning, exemplary morality, and warm piety, of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON, it is unnecessary to say any thing; since the general opinion, with respect to this extraordinary man, seems to be, that "take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." A few particulars, however, of one of his correspondents, JOSEPH FOWKE, Esq; who had the honour to be considered as a "dear friend" by the Doctor, may not be uninteresting to the reader. This gentleman, who died three or four and twenty years ago, at a very advanced age, was born about the year 1715, and entered into the service of the East-India Company at the age of 17. He remained at Fort St. George till 1748, and was so high in the opinion and esteem of his employers, that when he returned to England he was pressed by the Secret Committee of the East-India Directors, (in whom the regulation of the affairs of the Company was then entirely placed,) to accept the government either of Bengal or Madras. This offer being made previously to the conquests of Lord Clive, and the cession to the English of the great provinces of Bahar and Orissa, was by no means so advantageous as it might at present be considered. Mr. Fowke, therefore, declined it; and remained in England until 1771. At this period he returned to India; where some differences of opinion unfortunately occurred between him and the Provisional Government, which ended in his being tried in June

1775, in the Supreme Court of Bengal, under two indictments. In the first of these trials the verdict was, not guilty. In the second, which came on immediately afterwards, and in which Mr. Fowke was implicated with Maha Rajah Nundocomar and Roy Rada Churn, the verdict was, "Joseph Fowke and Nundocomar, guilty; Rada Churn, not guilty."

In the year 1788, Mr. Fowke finally quitted Bengal with a recommendation from Lord Cornwallis to the Court of Directors, as a person entitled to receive the pension which was promised to their servants, returning from Bengal out of employment, under their general letter, dated Sept. 21, 1785; which directed, that "such senior merchant, whose fortune was not equal to 10,000l. should receive as much annually as, with the interest of his own money, should make up an income of 400l. per year." This recommendation, together with a petition, was presented to the Directors on Mr. Fowke's return. They were, however, rejected; and an answer returned, "that the Court did not consider him as coming under the description of persons entitled by their orders to receive pensions; and that, therefore, his request could not be complied with." After a lapse of some time, the claim was discussed in the House of Commons, when the following resolutions were made in his favour.

Resolved, That it appears to this House that the petitioner, Joseph Fowke, has proved the allegations of his petition.

Resolved, That it appears to this House, that the said Joseph Fowke is entitled to the pension or allowance engaged to be paid by the East-India Company to their servants, under certain descriptions, and under certain conditions, expressed in their letter from the Court of Directors of the 21st of September,

“1785, to the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, from the time in which, by the said letter of the 21st of September, 1785, persons described in the said letter were to receive the same.”

Mr. Fowke retained the vigour of his intellects to the close of his life; and what, perhaps, is still more remarkable, wrote, till his death, a hand of singular firmness and beauty. The activity of his mind, and liveliness of his imagination, remained to the last; as will be evident from the following letters, written at, or nearly, the age of 80. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining; highly seasoned with anecdotes, many of which related to his great and venerable friend, Samuel Johnson: among these he was accustomed to relate the two following.

One morning, on Mr. Fowke's calling on Dr. Johnson, he found the Sage somewhat agitated. On enquiring the cause, “I have just *dismissed* Lord Chesterfield,” said he; “if you had come a few moments sooner, I could have shewn you my letter to him.” Then musing a little, he added, “However, I believe I can recollect it pretty well:” and immediately repeated a very long and very severe epistle; much longer, Mr. F. used to say, than that which is given by Boswell. Mr. F. further remarked, that, upon this occasion, Johnson told him, Lord C. sent a present of 100l. to Johnson, to induce him to dedicate the Dictionary to him; “which I returned,” said he, “to his Lordship with contempt:” and then added, “Sir, I found I must have gilded a rotten post! Lord C. Sir, is a wit among lords, but only a lord among wits.”

Mr. Fowke once observed to Dr. Johnson, that, in his opinion, the Doctor's literary strength lay in writing biography, in which line of composition he infinitely

exceeded all his contemporaries. "Sir," said Johnson, "I believe that is true. The dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity." Then, speaking of the difficulty of getting information for the subject, he said, that when he was writing the life of Dryden, he desired to be introduced to Colley Cibber, from whom he expected to procure many valuable materials for his purpose. "So Sir," said Johnson to Cibber, "I find you knew Mr. Dryden?" "Knew him! O LORD, I was as well acquainted with him, as if he had been my own brother." "Then you can tell me some anecdotes of him?" "O yes! a thousand! Why we used to meet continually at a club at Button's. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday, that when he came into the room in winter time, he used to go and sit close by the fire, in one corner; and then in summer time, he would always go and sit in the window." "Thus, Sir," said Johnson, "what with the corner of the fire in winter, and the window in the summer, you see that I got *much information*, from Cibber, of the manners and habits of Dryden."

LETTER XLVIII.

From Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON to FRANCIS FOWKE, Esq.

SIR,

July 11, 1776.

I Received, some weeks ago, a collection of papers, which contain the trial of my dear friend, Joseph Fowke; of whom I cannot easily

be induced to think otherwise than well, and who seems to have been injured by the prosecution and the sentence. His first desire is, that I should prepare his narrative for the press; his second, that, if I cannot gratify him by publication, I would transmit the papers to you. To a compliance with his first request I have this objection, that I live in a reciprocation of civilities with Mr. H., and therefore cannot properly diffuse a narrative, intended to bring upon him the censure of the public. Of two adversaries, it would be rash to condemn either upon the evidence of the other; and a common friend must keep himself suspended, at least till he has heard both.

I am, therefore, ready to transmit to you the papers, which have been seen only by myself; and beg to be informed how they may be conveyed to you. I see no legal objection to the publication; and of prudential reasons, Mr. Fowke and you will be allowed to be fitter judges.

If you would have me send them, let me have proper directions; if a messenger is to call for them, give me notice by the post, that they may be ready for delivery.

To do my dear Mr. Fowke any good would give me pleasure; I hope for some opportunity

of performing the duties of friendship to him, without violating them with regard to another.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LETTER LII.

From Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON to JOSEPH FOWKE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

April 19, 1783.

TO shew you, that neither length of time, nor distance of place, withdraws you from my memory, I have sent you a little present,* which will be transmitted by Sir Rob. Chambers.

To your former letters I made no answer, because I had none to make. Of the death of the unfortunate man, (meaning Nundocomar,) I believe Europe thinks as you think; but it was past prevention; and it was not fit for me to move a question in public, which I was not qualified to discuss; as the enquiry could then do no good, and I might have been silenced by a hardy denial of facts, which, if denied, I could not prove.

Since we parted, I have suffered much sickness of body, and perturbation of mind. My

* A collection of the Doctor's works.

mind, if I do not flatter myself, is unimpaired, except that sometimes my memory is less ready; but my body, though by nature very strong, has given way to repeated shocks.

Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.
This line might have been written on purpose for me. You will see, however, that I have not totally forsaken literature. I can apply better to books than I could in some more vigorous parts of my life, at least than I *did*; and I have one more reason for reading; that time has, by taking away my companions, left me less opportunity of conversation. I have led an inactive and careless life; it is time at last to be diligent. There is yet provision to be made for eternity.

Let me know, dear Sir, what you are doing. Are you accumulating gold, or picking up diamonds? Or are you now sated with Indian wealth, and content with what you have? Have you vigour for bustle, or tranquillity for inaction? Whatever you do, I do not suspect you of pillaging or oppressing; and shall rejoice to see you return, with a body unbroken, and a mind uncorrupted.

You and I had hardly any common friends; and, therefore, I have few anecdotes to relate to you. Mr. Levet, who brought us into acquaintance, died suddenly at my house last year, in his seventy-eighth year, or about that age. Mrs.

Williams, the blind lady, is still with me, but much broken by a very wearisome and obstinate disease. She is, however, not likely to die; and it would delight me, if you would send her some *petty* token of your remembrance. You may send me one too.

Whether we shall ever meet again in this world, who can tell? Let us, however, wish well to each other. Prayers can pass the line, and the Tropics.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LETTER L.

From Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON to SAMUEL RICHARDSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *May 17.*

AS you were the first that gave me any notice of this paragraph, I send it to you, with a few little notes, which I wish you would read. It is well, when men of learning and penetration busy themselves in these enquiries; but what is *their* idleness, is *my* business. Help, indeed, now comes too late for me, when a large part of my book has passed the press.

I shall be glad if these strictures appear to you not unwarrantable; for whom should he who toils in settling a language desire to please, but him who is adorning it? I hope your new book is printing. *Macte nova virtute.*

I am, dear Sir,
 Most respectfully, and most affectionately,
 Your humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LETTER LI.

*From JOSEPH FOWKE, Esq; to ****.*

London, June 10th, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN recovering my acquaintance, after an absence of twenty years, it is an infinite pleasure to see no diminution of excellence in the *souls* of those, with whom I was formerly connected in friendship, on the strength of internal merit; and that *their* beauty continues the same, whilst the ravage of time has frightfully deformed the earthly vehicle. In conversing with you at a distance, I view in you the charms of youth; for virtue is immortal, and

always in bloom. Your charity, innocence, benevolence, and, above all, your holy submission and patience in suffering, will scarcely allow me to think of the deformity of the tement; but, on better recollection, I survey the “wrinkles and dull luminaries with delight;” the palsied hand inspires no terror, since the disproportion of body and spirit is a practical, and, at the same time, the strongest, argument I know, independently of revelation, for the immortality of the soul. Happy should I be, if I could look back with your innocence on a past life! All that is left for me is, to pay more regard to the future; which I hope I shall not neglect. Before I received your letter, I had been acquainted with your sufferings. I pray GOD, that you may have seen the end of them, and that the remainder of your days may pass in uninterrupted tranquillity and content.

Your benevolent soul will receive some gratification, I am sure, from the perusal of the enclosed Resolutions of the House of Commons in my favour. If I get nothing in consequence, they are honourable to me at any rate, as they were carried almost unanimously. I owe every thing to the zeal of Mr. Burke, who took up the cause of a stranger, favoured by no recommendation, on the principle, that no British subject ought to be aggrieved, without finding

redress from the Commons of Great-Britain. He has been indefatigable in the pursuit of his object ; and I hope he will be paid by the public with the increase of that reputation he deserves. Favours are much enhanced by the manner in which they are conferred ; and the following notice I received from Mr. Burke on the 7th inst. will shew how well he understands that secret. "I don't like to give you joy, till the money is in your pocket. **** shewed a disposition to mutiny, and to disobey the House, till next session, on the pretence that it was thin. But at any rate I resolved to go on. The Resolutions in your favour are passed. I am sorry for your illness. * * * * * Dundas behaved admirably and decisively. I am happy in having contributed to your satisfaction, and &c. &c."

Should I get an increase of income, I shall very likely treat ****, some part of the summer, with a tour through England, after two years' imprisonment ; and in this tour I shall contrive to see you, if possible.

Farewell ! and believe me ever

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH FOWKE.

LETTER LII.

From JOSEPH FOWKE, *Esq;* to ****.

London, June 11th, 1792.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I can very truly say, I have been made happy by the receipt of a letter from you of the 7th of May, 1792, as it breathes a spirit of ease and tranquillity in a situation which many would think a state of trial and affliction. To see virtue triumphant, affords me at all times the highest gratification possible; and I will still hope, that, in a little time, you may be able to acquire a free use of your crutches, which will be a considerable addition to your happiness.

The opinion I entertain of your candour and sincerity, fully convinces me that you would say nothing to my advantage that you did not think; but the same sincerity on my side requires, that I should undeceive you in the too favourable opinion you entertain of the powers of my imagination, in supposing them undiminished. I never had much to boast of, but I have now

scarcely a ray of light left to cast lustre upon any subject. The other part of your compliment respecting my attachment to my old friends, I can honestly take as my due. My heart is warm as ever to true merit; yet I always fear to pour it forth, lest its effusions should be mistaken for the flattery, which too commonly prevails in the world. I frequently suffer pain in suppressing grateful acknowledgments for kindnesses that have been done me, when my wish has been to give an entire vent to my feelings.

* * * * *

I entirely agree with you, that family knowledge is not to be neglected in the education of a young woman; and I can assure you, that*** will bear a strict scrutiny on this head: and I have a proof in her, that domestic concerns are no way incompatible with literary pursuits. She took leave of you, much disgusted with her drawing performances; but has lately taken her pencil up again, under the tuition of Mr. Edwards, who instructs the academicians. He draws in your style, and is, in my judgment, an able teacher. — draws in perspective, and pursues that very closely; but is not yet perfectly reconciled to her geometrical lines, and the angles A, B, C, and C, D, E.

Whatever improvements *I* may hereafter make, at my late time of day, must be from

the living, and not from the dead; I have not attention sufficient for a book, or I should certainly have read Home's Elements of Criticism, upon your recommendation. I have much from a friend of mine in praise of ———, from the account you gave of her and ———. I lament that I have no opportunity of knowing them. These are the treasures I hunt after. "Give me the man," says Bruyere, or something like it, "from whom books are made." Whenever they fall in my way, I endeavour to make prize of them. Ah! where shall I find another Johnson, who, with all his failings, was a very superior being? I am sorry his biographers cannot be brought upon their trial for murder: it would be no difficult matter to convict them.

I acquainted you, in a former letter, with the hopes I entertained of Mrs. Montague's notice of ****. She has, in the course of the winter, invited us both to dine with her. Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Chapone were of the company; and I am sorry I did not learn the names of either of them till next day. I had formerly been in company with Mrs. Carter, at Mrs. Montague's, about thirty years ago, but the least trace of her image remained not on my mind; so she has passed from me like a shadow, most likely never to be viewed more. I partake deeply in your concern for the loss of ****. It

is natural to grieve for the loss of a relation or friend, but it is seldom we can be justified in it. We may justly be allowed to grieve, where we entertain doubts for the salvation of a person departed; but in every other case we ought to rejoice, and it is selfish not to do it. It is rebellious, at the same time, not to submit with cheerful resignation to the will of the **ALMIGHTY** who made us. You have made use of the softest balm to your wounds, by submitting with pious resignation to his will.

If you should happen to fall in company with Lady****, you will find her pleasing, and most amiable for her philanthropy. There is no distress that she will not go to the bottom of her pocket to relieve. With a great deal of volatility, she is moral, and perfectly correct. Her daughter**** has all her virtues, which are many, without her imperfections. By great preferment in the Church, and many legacies, I understand that — is now become rich, which I am very glad to hear. The Musulmen of India, of highrank, invariably conclude their letters with, “May you have *great* riches! what can I say more?” I do not impart this wish to my friends; for I look upon *great* riches as the bane of all happiness.

Farewell. I am afraid I have tired you; and who is not wearied with the gabble of fourscore?

I have, however, eight months to run, before I assume that venerable title.

Believe me ever your sincere old friend,

JOSEPH FOWKE,

LETTER LIII.

From JOSEPH FOWKE, *Esq.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Sept. 17, 1793.

I Am much flattered by your entertaining letter of the 22d of last month, preceded by another without date. If my faculties were not become torpid, you have thrown matter enough in my way for the subject of a very long letter; but, in my present state, I can write or read very little. I am a great deal more disposed to *talk* with you; and sincerely regret that I am not likely ever to have that pleasure, unless you would make a bold sally, and honour me with a visit this summer. You shall have a good apartment, and your *own will*

in every thing; which is no small bribe to a lady. You must pardon my replying to your favours with more brevity than is suitable to my inclinations. Plain and sincere professions of friendship and regard for those whose talents and virtues render them useful to society, are all the qualifications left for me in a correspondent. The hand of time has taken away the rest, and has given to dulness possession of the vacant spaces, which were occupied by imagination in the early part of my life. But, cold as I am, I was happy to find I could yet be delighted with agreeable scenes of your pointing out. The ruins of Tintern Abbey were beautiful beyond any thing of the kind I have ever seen; they would, however, have been at least half as much more so, if *you* had been present to assist me with your remarks. There were many other rich scenes, all familiar to you, I dare say, which fed my fancy in a tour of four hundred miles; and both my companions and myself enjoyed them the more, as we gained an addition of health through every stage, which has continued to us ever since. I repeat again, with sincerity, that I wish you had been with us, for your own sake as well as for ours. There is no going through life without a little self-interest. I am willing, however, to think that few are less governed by it than myself. Not

many will flatter an old man; and, therefore, I hope I may be indulged in flattering myself.

I congratulate you upon the recovery of your liberty. I had long been expecting to hear of the spring you made, but I am afraid you did it with a little too much violence; however, I am glad to find that chance produced a good effect, as it often does, where reason might have failed; or, to speak more properly, Providence took care of you, when you did not know how to take care of yourself. I am inclined to believe, that this incident might be further improved to your advantage. You have heard, no doubt, of Indian Fakeers holding their arms stretched up in the air till they have become fixed, like the branches of a tree. After enduring this penance for years, they will recover the perfect use of them, by constantly rubbing them with oil. I am satisfied, if you had followed the same method, you would not have suffered from any contraction of the sinews of your leg; and, perhaps, it might not now be too late. I judge native oil of turpentine to be the best for the purpose. The mention of India brings me to another part of your letter. I do not, in the least, wonder that Mr. Hodges has succeeded so well in his publications. I predicted, in India, that he would do so, without seeing them, and for no other reason than the originality of

his subjects. Sixteen years ago, I observed, on viewing some Indian prospects, that the imagination of Claude Lorrain would have been much improved by them. An inferior genius to Hodges would have profited in his situation; by which I do not mean to rank him in a superior class, I mean only to lay a particular stress upon the advantages of original performances. Perhaps I am less disposed to favour him, from having seen his landscape paintings only, for which he was paid an extravagant price; and they were executed so slovenly, that, in a very little time, you could not tell what they were intend to represent. As I could not help admiring the celerity and freedom of his hand, one may suppose, that he *could* have done better, but preferred gain to reputation. The defects I mention would not appear in the prints.

In respect to Moorish architecture, I know not what *he* has represented, or what *he* may have seen, but nothing *I* have seen will bear a comparison with Greek and Roman architecture. Yet, I will not deny that some of the Moorish buildings are elegant; in which class I reckon a Moorish mosque at Buhnares; but such specimens are not common. After all, I am confident you have been more pleased with the drawings, than you would have been with the originals. The pencil, in many instances,

surpasses nature ; and I know of nothing else that does. If *you* were to draw a little cottage with some few trees about it, and, at a distance, the owner returning from his labours, passing by a cow grazing, and a few sheep feeding, I should dwell longer, and with more pleasure, on the *copy* than the prototype. This is a fact which I am unable to account for ; at the same time it must be acknowledged, that no painter could even approximate the beauties of the sun setting in the ocean, crowned with a gilded canopy of such varied tints, as fascinate the eye to the object. Why is a painter so much inferior in one part of his art, and so superior in the other? I, who am no artist, cannot answer the question. Mrs. ———, who is one, and eminently distinguished as such, possibly may. After all, however, you are so much better qualified than myself to judge of Mr. Hodges's merit as a painter, as to render all I might say on the merits of his pictures perfectly useless ; but, in respect to his biographical talents, I shall not be equally reserved. How can it be supposed, that any man, after a residence of two or three years only in the country, and not understanding a word of the language, should be capable of describing, with justness, the character of its inhabitants ; and particularly as the pencil was scarcely ever out of his hand?

I do not think it possible to form an idea of a people, without possessing the means of conversing with them freely. In such a state, confidence will be wanting; and without confidence the character to be drawn will always be exhibited in disguise. What Mr. H. says of the loving wives of the Hindoos burning themselves with their husbands is true, but not common; nor is it so much to be wondered at in very high-minded persons, who live with every possible mark of disgrace, if they survive them. But I cannot subscribe to his character of Hindoo gentleness and simplicity. The ladies, of any rank or fashion, among them, are all kept out of sight; and such as become widows, in general, burn with a less pure flame than he describes, and are very dexterous in their intrigues. The lower class of *women* are the most violent scolds I have ever known; far exceeding any thing that Billingsgate produces; and the lower ranks of *men* are furious, but their fury is the fury of cowards. The men of fashion, whether Hindoos or Mussulmen, are extremely polite and well-bred; far excelling us in their manners, if we except the first class of polite people in England. But, whatever their vices or virtues may be, I always behold them with tenderness, as a people who have felt the rod of oppression, which must ever stifle

great virtues. Such of them, however, who have taken to arms, have afforded many illustrious examples of heroism; I may say, uncommon ones, such as we should be puzzled to match. You will be pleased to observe, I have spoken only of Bengal Hindoos; those of the Decan, passing under the name of Gentoos, are, even at this time, a much better people, and, forty years ago, were the most virtuous people upon the face of the earth. Returning to them in 1772, after an absence of twenty years, I found them deplorably changed for the worse; partly from necessity, and partly from a more intimate commerce with the English and French. But I have gabbled too long on this subject; and though twenty others rise naturally out of it, I will do violence to my own inclinations, rather than tire out your patience by my garrulity.

Adieu, then, my dear friend, and believe me,

Your affectionate humble servant,

JOSEPH FOWKE.

LETTER LIV.

From JOSEPH FOWKE, *Esq.*

Malmesbury, Sept. 11, 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCOMPANYING this you will receive the ear trumpet you did me the honour to commission me to provide. I most sincerely wish you may never be forced upon the use of it. No terms can be found adequate to the miseries attendant upon the loss of hearing. In society, the sharpest of all human afflictions become tolerable. The wretch chained to the oar for life, feels relief from the animating consolations of his fellow-sufferers; and a prisoner in the Bastile has prolonged his life by an association with a spider. But the social principle, which is clearly the first and governing one of our lives, is totally destroyed by deafness. The deaf man can make no new friends; and his old ones will forsake, because they cannot help him; and the benevolent and tender-hearted will drop a tear, and retire. The busy and the gay will say, "he is off," and pass on to their amusements without difficulty. What happiness, then, shall be found for the man cut off

from the society of mankind? There is only one left for him, which is, to relieve, to the utmost of his ability, those objects of deep distress which will constantly fall in his way; and their grateful effusions are likely to make full amends for all his own wants.

Upon your recommendation, the Female Mentor has obtained a place in my library. The work has a great deal of merit, and has afforded me and others much entertainment in the reading. The well-imagined and happily-executed drawing you were so obliging to present me with, and for which I return you my best thanks, has been bound up in its proper place. There is another performance of yours, which I wish you would have engraved; it deserves to outlive you. It is the visit of a miser to his cash-chest, with a lighted candle in his hand, which, *flaring*, happily divides his concern between *that* and the cash-chest. The cash-chest was *secured*, but the *candle is wasting!*

Farewell! and believe me, in truth and sincerity,

Yours, &c.

JOSEPH FOWKE.

LETTER LV.

From JOSEPH FOWKE, Esq; to ****

Malmesbury, Nov. 20, 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT was not my intention to have answered so soon your obliging letter of the 13th September last, had not I determin'd upon becoming an inhabitant of ****, in a few days; where I shall for some time be busily occupied in providing myself with a house to suit me; by which I might incur the censure of neglect, in not giving you notice of my arrival, from my want of leisure to wait upon you.

I have lived at this place, by the necessity of my circumstances, for above eight months, with little other employment than counting the pebbles under my feet—nearly separated from all mankind, I wished a thousand times for your happy turn to solitude, but in vain: we are all impelled by the bent of our natures, and to that we must submit. My disposition leads me to company; and now I cannot hear, I am happy to see people's lips move, though I cannot distinguish a word, or even hear a sound. For several days past I have been so deaf as to be able to converse with one person only; and that

with difficulty, and by the help of an ear-trumpet. It would be unreasonable in me, labouring under such great infirmities, to expect any attentions from a busy and interested world. The most I can hope for is to be indulged in half an hour's conversation three or four times in a year; so that you see, instead of breaking in upon your private hours with ****, devoted to the affairs of this world, I will not promise that you will have as much of my company as you might partially incline to favour me with. But this I faithfully promise, that you shall have as little of it, and as seldom, as you please; I will allow you, for old acquaintance sake, to lay the most rigid commands on me, which I shall painfully comply with, without diminishing one tittle of the respect I have for your character. Frequent removals do not agree with old age; but I must submit myself to the evil of necessity, which reconciles us to every thing.

Adieu, and believe me ever

Your sincere friend,

JOSEPH FOWKE.

Mrs. MONTAGUE,

THE following particulars relating to this accomplished female, alike remarkable for natural talent, acquired information, and uncommon benevolence, (whose praise will live long in her works, but longer in the remembrance of her compassion to a degraded and oppressed set of human beings,—Chimney-sweepers' Apprentices,) are extracted from "*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, ix vols. 8vo.*;" in which the venerable, learned, and very respectable author, from his own immense stores of information, and the large and diversified communications of intelligent friends, has poured forth such a flood of literary and biographical anecdote, as is not to be equalled, for variety and interest, by any work in the English language.

"Mrs. MONTAGUE's father was grandson of Sir Leonard Robinson, youngest son of Tho. Robinson, esq; of Rokeby, in Yorkshire. Her mother, Elizabeth Drake, was a Cambridge heiress; and during her residence in that county, Mrs. Montague, then Miss Robinson, derived great assistance, in her education, from Dr. Middleton, author of '*The Life of Cicero*,' whom her maternal grandmother had taken as a second husband. Her extraordinary talents, as well as beauty, appeared from her earliest childhood. At this period she formed an intimacy with Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, who, in 1734, married the late Duke of Portland. This was cemented by her frequent visits to Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, then the seat of Lord Oxford. Her letters to this correspondent, which were preserved from her twelfth year, shew her astonishing prematurity of

" wit and language. Her *Essay on the Writings and*
 " *Genius of Shakespeare,* in answer to the frivolous
 " objections of Voltaire, must rank with the best illus-
 " trations of our great English poet. The work is not
 " an elaborate exposition of obscure passages, but a
 " comprehensive survey of the sublimity of his genius,
 " of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of
 " the wonderful resources of his imagination. But such
 " was the inimitable excellence of her letters, by which
 " she carried on an intercourse with a large portion of
 " the literati of her time, till the close of her long life,
 " that all agreed in intreating, that, on some future day,
 " they might be published. Lord Lyttleton, and Lord
 " Bath, in particular, her favourite friends, repeatedly
 " urged it, as considering that they exhibit the fertility
 " and versatility of her powers of understanding, and
 " the excellence of her disposition, in a more complete
 " manner than any other species of composition. The
 " same request was made by Dr. Young, Mr. Gilbert
 " West, Lord Chatham, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Stillingfleet,
 " Lord Kaimes, Dr. Beattie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr.
 " Burke, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Vesey. Two volumes of
 " her early letters were published by her nephew, and
 " executor, Matthew Montague, esq; M. P. in 1809,
 " which were followed by two more in 1813. " But
 " when it is found," says her editor, " in the future
 " remaining volumes, that she became, in her middle
 " age, as remarkable for discretion of conduct, and
 " propriety of demeanour, as she had been, in her child-
 " hood and youth, for vivacity and sprightliness, the
 " progress of her disposition will appear to be no less
 " interesting, than the improvement of her taste, and
 " the enlargement of her faculties. She was an exem-
 " plary wife to a man much older than herself, and
 " proved herself worthy to be the bosom friend of a

husband, whose strict honour and integrity as a gentleman, and a Member of Parliament, were not less conspicuous, than his unwearied diligence, and deep research, as a man of science. We shall find her to be the most approved friend of the wisest and best men of her age, as well as the most admired companion of the wittiest. Her conversation was sought by all who were distinguished for learning, for politeness, or for any of the qualities which give lustre, or dignity, or influence. The scholar and the statesman were alike desirous of her society; and she was so fortunate, as to acquire the esteem and attachment of some men who united both characters. She was permitted to entwine her myrtle with the bays of the poet; to share the counsels of the politician; and to estimate the works of the historian, the critic, and the orator. She subdued her propensity to satire; and if her wit was so abundant by nature, as to be inextinguishable, she found means to temper its lustre, that it should no longer dazzle by its brightness, or excite apprehension of a mischievous consequence. In her youth, her beauty was most admired in the peculiar animation and expression of her blue eyes, with high, arched, dark eyebrows, and in the contrast of her brilliant complexion with her dark brown hair. She was of the middle stature, and stooped a little, which gave an air of modesty to her countenance, in which the features were, otherwise, so strongly marked, as to express an elevation of sentiment befitting the most exalted condition. As she advanced in age, her appearance was distinguished by that superiority of demeanour, which is acquired by the habit of intercourse with persons of cultivated talents, and polished manners. Her very look bespoke the fire of genius, arising from strength of taste,

“ and solidity of judgment. If to these qualifications
 “ we add the soundness of principle, the tenderness of
 “ benevolence, and the calm piety of her latter years,
 “ we shall behold a picture of an individual, who might
 “ be justly termed an ornament to her sex and country.
 “ Mrs. Montague left her estate to her nephew, Matthew
 “ Robinson, who had, by her desire, taken the name of
 “ Montague, and is younger brother to the present
 “ Lord Rokeby.”

LETTER LVI.

From Mrs. MONTAGUE to Mrs. M. HARTLEY.

DEAR MADAM, *February 28th, 1787.*

THE second volume of Euripides, which
 set out this morning, would have waited
 on you much sooner, had I not retained it, out of
 a vain expectation, that I might make it serve
 me as an excuse to indulge myself in the plea-
 sure of accompanying it with a letter; but my
 eyes have been so inflamed ever since I came
 to London, as to make me incapable of writing:
 they are to-day a little better, but will only
 assist me to express my wish that the book may
 not seem unworthy your attention. As no one
 is so ready as yourself to relieve real misery and

present distress, so, I believe, no one will more tenderly sympathize with well-invented fiction, and the affliction of those who lived in ages past. I can never agree with our great Shakespeare, when he makes Hamlet say, “What’s Hecuba to me? or I to Hecuba?” for though one may not be a queen or a mother, or in the rank and situation of the person in the drama; yet we are all the children of sorrow, and feel the like emotions, though excited by different occasions and events. You, Madam, who have a mind so exalted, that it cannot be oppressed by your personal sufferings, most sensibly feel the miseries or misfortunes of others.

I beg of you to do me the honour to present my respects to Mrs. Bowdler and Miss H. as well as to Mr. G., by whose elegant drawings I am enabled to make the best advantage of the fine feathers that you and many of my friends have bestowed upon me.

With perfect esteem, I am, dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

E. MONTAGUE.

LETTER LVII.

*From Mrs. M. HARTLEY to ****.*

September, 1800.

TO you, my dear friend, the death of Mrs. Montague must be a grief, as well as great loss; for you were in a situation to enjoy her friendship and society.

When I read the article in the papers, it gave me an instant feeling of regret that I should never see her more; but when I began to consider the great improbability, that (if she had lived) we should ever have met again; I perceived that I ought only to think of the event as it had a reference to *her*. With regard to this life, she had passed through the best of her days; those which were approaching must have been gloomy and oppressive; and when the feast of life is completed, happy are those who retire, before the dregs are drawn off. Age and infirmities, like any other evils, must be endured with patience, if it please GOD to prolong life; but if he think fit to take a virtuous person to an earlier rest, it is a happy escape from pain and sorrow. Yet these are considerations of small importance, in comparison of the state into which the spirit shall pass after it is severed from its mortal clay. If that be happy, how infinitely would be the gain, although taken from

the highest pinnacle of youth and prosperity! If miserable, how poor a reprieve would be the longest period that ever was given to human life! The escape, therefore, from future misery, and the admission to future happiness, is the only object which can engage a wise man's wishes and endeavours. The period of life and the manner of death, we must leave to Providence:

“Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,
“Live well; how long or short, submit to Heav'n.”

As my intercourse with Mrs. Montague was never very intimate, I knew more of her intellectual abilities, than of her virtues. It was impossible to be in her company for an hour, without perceiving the superiority of her genius; the brilliancy of her wit; the elegance of her taste, (I mean in literature, *not in dress*); the extent of her information; and the engaging, polite, and easy style of her address. Never have I been more entertained and delighted, than with her conversation, when she has been so kind to visit me; and never was she more sprightly and brilliant, or more kind and engaging, than in the last visit she made me. I shall remember the entertainment of that pleasant hour as long as I live; and likewise her friendly expressions of regard to me, which arose from her friendship for my father and mother, the most delightful claim I could possibly have.

All these circumstances endear her memory to me ; but, as I said before, those who knew her more intimately than I did, knew more of her virtues. I have heard of them in the highest stile of praise, and I conceive that the loss of her munificence to the numbers whom she relieved, will be a lamentable privation ; but I hope she has remembered, in her will, those who were dependent upon her bounty while she lived.

I wish you and our *young friend* could have heard a sermon that was preached here the other day, upon that text in the Psalms: “ Where-
“ withal shall a young man cleanse his way ?
“ Even by ruling himself after thy word.”

A more impressive and a more affecting discourse I have seldom heard, and one stroke of it pleased me particularly. The preacher expatiated somewhat *at length* on the delight which a parent must feel on seeing his children turn out well ; but when he came to paint the anxiety and misery of those, whose children *disappoint* all their hopes, he stopped short, and said, that “ he must leave such distress of
“ mind to the *imagination* of his hearers, for it
“ was far beyond *his* power to *describe*.” This was truly classical, eloquent, and affecting.

Yours, with sincerity and affection,

M. H.

THE REV. DR. JEANS.

THE amiable, learned, and very ingenious writer of the two following letters, was a native of Christchurch in Hampshire, and born in the year 1757. He was educated at Winchester College; where he became distinguished for his general talents, classical taste, and rapid proficiency in elegant literature; and, on his leaving that seminary, matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford. Some time after he had taken orders, he was presented to the living of Dibden, in Hampshire; which he subsequently exchanged for that of Sheviock, in the county of Cornwall. Having received the most flattering invitations from the late Henry Hope, and some other highly respectable inhabitants of Amsterdam, he went to that city with his family, and settled there as minister of the English Episcopal Church for some years. The term of his engagement there being expired, he returned to England, with an intention of residing in future on his preferment; but so deservedly popular had he rendered himself in Holland, by his splendid professional talents, his amiable manners, liberal and conciliating sentiments, and social and domestic virtues, that his congregation there used the most earnest entreaties to induce him to go back to them, and resume the charge of his flock for another term of three years. Unfortunately, he complied with their request; but had not been long occupied in this second engagement, before he fell a victim to the autumnal fever of the country, and died the 5th of October, 1807, at the age of fifty years. Dr. Jeans' style of *preaching* was peculiarly animated, energetic,

and impressive; and his *reading*, full of feeling, force, and dignity. His compositions were numerous, all characterized by taste, elegance, and eloquence. It is much to be regretted, that the public does not enjoy any of the productions of his fine genius, and varied acquirements. His poetical talents may be appreciated from the following little sonnet, which he addressed to an amiable young lady, who was afflicted with an almost general palsy.

To Miss MARIA ELIZABETH GUICHERIT.

MEEK sufferer, patient monument of pain,
 Whose mind, though pent within a living tomb,
 Can smile at grief—Mild maid, accept the strain
 A pitying stranger sends to soothe thy gloom.
 But vain the Muse's wreath! A brighter palm
 Is thine—the Martyr's crown! A higher Pow'r
 O'er all thy sorrows sheds his healing balm,
 And whispers comfort at thy midnight hour.
 Would heedless beauty learn how frail her frame;
 See here the lifeless limb, the withering form!
 In early youth the fell destroyer came,
 MARIA bow'd submissive to the storm!
 Tranquil she bears affliction's heaviest load,
 And Resignation slopes her way to God.

It may be interesting to remark, that Dr. Jeans was, in a high degree, what is usually called "lucky," in the minor circumstances of life. As examples of this subordinate good fortune, we may select, from many other instances, the two following circumstances. When a student at Oxford, he had received a bank-bill to settle his college account before a vacation. This he put loose into his pocket, and took a walk in Christ-church meadow. As he was crossing this extensive

piece of ground, he met with a fellow-collegian, with whom he entered into conversation. Mr. Jeans was peculiarly animated; and, during the debate, he unconsciously rolled up his note into the size of a green pea, and shot it from his finger and thumb, into the midst of the grass. The friends having parted, Mr. Jeans went into the town to discharge some bills; but on searching for his note, he discovered that it was gone. He went to his rooms, ransacked his escrutoire, table-drawer, pockets, and whatever he thought might contain the treasure; but all in vain. At length it crossed his recollection, that he had been talking in the middle of Christchurch meadow, and, while there, had thrown something away. This *might* have been the note. It was, at all events, the *dernier resort*; and he posted to the meadow. The grass was long, the area wide. He had scarcely, however, reached the middle of the field, before he descried the object of which he was in search; but reduced to so small a size, by compression and twisting, that it would probably have escaped every eye, but the sharp and clear-sighted one which was in search of it.

Shortly after Mr. Jeans had taken possession of his rectorial house at Dibden, having received a bank-note of some considerable value, he deposited it, as he conceived, where it might be safe till wanted, and easily found when occasion called for it. The occasion soon arrived; but the place where it had been bestowed was forgotten. A general search was made, but without the desired success; and the note was given up as absolutely lost. Some years afterwards, a travelling Jew called at Dibden rectory, He was a learned Rabbi; and Mr. Jeans entered into an interesting discussion with him, respecting some points of Hebrew literature. A difference of opinion arose, and to settle the matter

in debate, Mr. Jeans reached down a Hebrew Lexicon. He opened it *par hazard*; and, behold, the first object which met his eye in the expanded page, was the very note whose loss had occasioned him so much trouble and anxiety so long ago. The "good luck" of the discovery was much enhanced by the prize being peculiarly acceptable at the time when it was found.

The following account of the dreadful catastrophe, mentioned in Dr. Jeans's second letter, is extracted from the Fifth Number of the Edinburgh Magazine for August 1817:—

" In the same church (St. Peter's) lie the remains of Gerard de Meerman, a well-known biographer. This man died of fright, in consequence of the explosion which took place here on the 12th of January, 1807. A French vessel from Amsterdam, for Delft, lying in the canal Van Reppenbergh, in the centre of the city, laden with ten thousand pounds weight of gunpowder, blew up about five o'clock in the afternoon, killed some hundreds of the inhabitants, destroyed great part of the town, and produced the utmost havoc and consternation. My servant told me, he heard the noise at Amsterdam, two-and-twenty miles off. Many of the inhabitants were sitting at dinner, and perished among the ruins of their dwellings, with their wives and families. A Jewish school suffered considerably; sixteen of the children were blown up. A charity school near it was also destroyed, with all its inmates. Fifty children at a boarding-school narrowly escaped, by the collision of two walls, which supported the roof; only two of the children were crushed to death, and a third perished with fright in its father's arms. Those who were saved rushed into the Court-yard, and the meeting there of parents and children is described to have been terrible. The windows of

“ my bed-room command a view of this very spot, and
 “ of what I at first thought a fine park, with a canal,
 “ and trees, and pleasant walks. I did not then know
 “ that this was where the explosion had taken place,
 “ and that at one period it was the most populous part
 “ of the city. By this awful catastrophe several streets
 “ were annihilated, and Professor Meerman, with
 “ many others, died of fright. After the explosion,
 “ the town was discovered to be on fire in different
 “ places. It must, indeed, have been a tremendous
 “ night.”

LETTER LVIII.

*From the Rev. JOSHUA JEANS to ****

DEAR R.

Dibden, Feb. 18, 1788.

I AM very much obliged to you for your two letters, particularly your last; and I think myself honoured by the confidence which you place in my judgment. I am, however, infinitely more pleased at the satisfaction you express in beginning your theological campaign, than with any compliment paid to myself. The apprehension of being considered either as a hypocrite or an enthusiast would, perhaps, have prevented me from urging, in a strong manner, those sentiments which your letter expresses,

or from exhorting you to such a course of study as you are now pursuing; much more from insisting on any of those secret pleasures which you already begin to feel, and which always must attend the Biblical student, if he be really in earnest in his research after *the truth*. But, since you seem so delighted with the interesting prospect before you, let me entreat you, by all your hopes of peace and happiness, not to suffer your present ardour to cool. Remember, it is no uncommon stake for which you are contending. You begin to see that our religion is not the forged tales of priests and politicians, to keep the world in awe. As you advance, the great scheme will gradually unfold itself to your enlightened mind; and will appear to be harmonious and consistent, at least, as far as it is proper, or, perhaps, possible, for so mysterious a dispensation to appear to our narrow comprehensions.

If I thought myself capable of lending you assistance, I would not be a miser of my knowledge; but you need no such aid as mine. Your own good sense, and the opportunities you will soon have of getting access to well-informed men, will place you far above any little instruction of so obscure a man as I am, who have neither the advantage of conversing with scholars, nor of reading the best authors.

All the books you mention are proper. Let me advise you, however, to begin with the beginning. Don't plunge too deep at once, but proceed consistently and leisurely; and, above all things, avoid the polemical writers. Read the Old Testament first, particularly the Pentateuch and the Prophets; and do not fail to get Pere Lamey's Apparatus Biblicus, translated by Bundy, 2 vols. 8vo. For reading the Prophets, read Lowth's Isaiah, and Blaney's Jeremiah, comparing them with the old version. Hopkins has, also, given a new translation of Exodus, but I do not know the merit of the book. Before you begin with Prideaux, go through Shuckford's 3 vols. of his Connexion: this is a necessary introduction to the Dean's excellent work.

Whether or not any writer has filled up the vacancy in the Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, from the period where Shuckford concludes his third volume, to that where Prideaux begins his work, I cannot say, and wish you to enquire.

Do not let those bewitching writers, Gibbon and Hume, give you a distaste to the homely language of Bundy and Shuckford. I need not guard you against the poison of these serpents. Whilst you read them, remember

Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.

If you have fixed on no particular book to fill up a Sunday's evening, I will venture to recommend Hurd's Twelve Sermons, introductory to the study of the prophécies.

Wishing you courage and success in your studies, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

JOSHUA JEANS.

LETTER LIX.

*From the Rev. Dr. JEANS to *****

MY DEAR SIR, *Rotterdam, Jan. 30; 1807.*

HAVING been obliged to absent myself from your hospitable board on Thursday, I will endeavour to make some amends for my breach of good manners; by giving you a few particulars of the late catastrophe at Leyden.* If I may judge from what I myself have heard, many inaccurate accounts are in circulation. I shall now tell you the result of my own observations, and relate some things which I received

* Supposed to have been occasioned by the carelessness of placing a lighted candle on one of the barrels of gunpowder.

from authentic sources. From what I saw yesterday, I imagine that full five hundred houses are already destroyed, or must come down, and that double this number are materially injured. But this is my own conjecture; and all that has been hitherto reported on this head is only conjecture, for the full extent of the mischief cannot be ascertained, even yet.

Mr. Van N., who must be as competent a judge as anyman, told me he could form no guess at the loss of either property or houses. Nor is the number of the *dead* exactly ascertained. A hundred and thirty is, perhaps, the utmost. If my calculation be tolerably correct, nearly one tenth part of the city may be said to be destroyed, for the number of houses in Leyden must be estimated at about ten thousand. It was natural for people to exaggerate on such an occasion. Popular description always heightens calamity. The lives that are lost do not exceed one-fifth part of what was originally reported. We were told, again and again, that every house in Leyden had suffered. If a few broken windows be excepted, I will venture to say that more than a fourth part of the town is totally uninjured. Still, however, the calamity is prodigious, and the loss is irreparable. But real truth will always, in the end, succeed better than extravagant exaggerations. For

when the public knows that the misfortune is much less than was represented, it will lose a great deal of its sympathy ; whereas, a contrary proceeding would produce exactly a contrary effect. *Dead bodies* are still dug out. Four have been found this week. We (I mean myself, conducted by Mr. Van N.) visited the vault in St. Peter's church, where the corpses of unknown persons are deposited. The coffins were not numerous. The superstructure of this fine pile, which you may remember we contemplated with so much pleasure three summers back, is sadly mutilated, but the foundations are secure. The walls are cracked in several places; the windows destroyed; the vaulted roof rent from east to west; and some of the larger grave-stones are moved from their places. Boerhaave's bust, and the other modern monuments, are safe, and are now covered over with wooden frames. The inside of this church exhibits a striking spectacle, and gives a tolerable specimen of the general confusion of the city. The whole pavement strewed with massy fragments of stone, wood, iron, and lead; the yawning vault in the nave left open for the reception of dead bodies; large masses of shattered ornaments in every quarter; the spacious Gothic windows, most of them without glass or stonework; all the ramifications either gone or broken;

the ceiling rent from one end to the other; the massy walls cracked; and the whole edifice filled with the ladders and scaffolds of masons, glaziers, and carpenters, all employed in repairing the mischief! St. Pancrass, the Hooglandike kirk, which stands near the Burgt, is in the same mutilated state. Indeed, I was so much puzzled with the quick succession of objects, that I am not clear whether I have not confounded this church with St. Peter's. But they both tell the same tale of destruction, and display nearly the same picture of desolation. Contemplating the prodigious havoc which had been made in one moment, and seeing the eagerness and bustle of a multitude of workmen, collected from all quarters of the province; some hanging in the air repairing the windows, or the vaulted roofs; others making mortar, planing boards, &c. &c. &c., I could not help comparing the industry of these bustling mortals to the toil of emmets, patiently repairing the ruins of their colony, when the gigantic foot of either man or beast has suddenly destroyed their little city, and crushed half their community. When the explosion happened, Mr. Van N. (as a magistrate) was called on to superintend the search after the bodies of the poor creatures who were buried in the ruins, as well as to guard their property from plunder. The description he gave

of this memorable night was awfully interesting. About twelve o'clock it was a dead calm. The sky was overcast with dark thunder clouds, and wore a sullen aspect. The gleams of the numerous torches gliding here and there, gilding the broken ruins; the flames which burst out in different directions from the unextinguished fires in the houses; faint flashes of lightning, accompanied by the deep mutter of distant thunder; the hoarse voices of the guards interrogating passengers; and, above all, the hollow groans, and feeble calls, of the unhappy sufferers, immured in the ruins, with the shriller notes of grief from distracted relations, who were listening in agony to their cries, mingled with the still more distant sounds of sorrow from the crowds which thronged the adjacent streets and houses, impatient to hear tidings of their friends; all together—the hour—the darkness—the tragical event—the solemn accompaniments—the various tones of lamentation, interrupted every moment, by the clattering of tiles, the fall of chimnies, and the thundering crash of the roofs of the houses—formed such a combination of affecting and terrifying circumstances, as could not but convey a complete idea of sublime horror!

My poor hostess, the Widow Cramer, who kept the Golden Lion, is amongst those unfortunate sufferers, who have lost their all!

When Mynheer B***, the well-known naturalist, returned home from the Hague after the catastrophe ; upon the first intelligence of it, he flew to his own dwelling, full of dread and apprehension ; where, horrible to relate, the first object that met his sight was the severed, mutilated arm of his wife, which he recognized by the rings on her fingers ! For a moment he gazed on it in silent agony ; then snatching up the mangled limb, the only remains of the lovely being he had so lately left, and so tenderly loved, he pressed it to his throbbing bosom, and, wild with grief, hurried from the fatal spot!!!

It has been said, that the bottom of the Gragt, immediately under the powder vessel, is of unfathomable depth. This may be exaggerated, amongst other silly tales. Perhaps it may be somewhat deeper than before. The bank of the canal, where the vessel lay, is forced in nearly three feet, and of course the Gragt is widened.

I am, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

J. JEANS.

THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Mr. NEWTON, who died a few years ago, has left us a recorded account of the early years of his life, written by himself, in a little work with the following title: "An authentic narrative of some remarkable and interesting particulars in the Life of *** ****, communicated, in a series of letters, to the Rev. Mr. Haweis, rector of Aldwincle, Northamptonshire; and by him (at the request of friends) now made public. London, printed by John Baynes, 54, Pater-noster-row." The narrative commences with his birth, and is carried on till his *conversion*; and, it must be confessed, that (as we learn from his own account) his early years exhibited such a tissue of worthlessness and profligacy, as rendered his change to religion and virtue a remarkable instance of the goodness and mercy of GOD. It may well be doubted, however, whether such public representations of depravity of heart, and personal vice, can, in general, further the interests of piety and morality. It was the practice of the barbarous Lacædemonians, *alone*, to exhibit their slaves in a state of drunkenness, in order to deter their children from the degrading sin of intoxication.

Mr. Newton lived to a very advanced age, in the zealous exercise of his professional duties, and in the exemplary fulfilment of every personal virtue; and died, a few years since, much respected and esteemed.

LETTER LX.

*From the Rev. JOHN NEWTON to Captain
and Mrs. HANSARD.*

London, May 17—,

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I Know not when I wrote, nor have I your letter before me; I am persuaded that I could not omit my congratulations on the birth of your son, (who I hope is living and thriving;) I am therefore willing to think that you are in my debt. However, as I wish to send you the enclosed, and want to hear of you, I write again; and if I have written to you before, you may be revenged by sending me two letters for one; they will always be welcome.

You are proper persons to receive my Ebenezer, You were acquainted with my dear one, and are better qualified, for that reason, to form some due estimate of my loss; and further, the time will come, though I hope it is yet far distant, when one or the other of you will probably be in my situation; for it seldom happens that both are called home on the same day. But blessed be the LORD, who enables me to confirm to you, from my own experience, all

that you have ever heard or read of his all-sufficiency. Though I had often grieved his Holy Spirit by my idolatry and folly, yet when I was brought low, He helped me. He rebuked me for my sins; but He upheld me with his gracious arm, enabled me to bow to his will, and to kiss his rod. I was indeed sharply tried, and in a point where my feelings were most sensible and exquisite. I have a lively remembrance of what she *was*, when He first gave her to me, and of what she was before He took her quite away. Ah! what a change! But He spared her to me more than forty years, though I had deserved to forfeit her every day. I had a painful part of observation, darker every day for more than six months; but I was upheld. I would not go over the same ground again for the treasure of both the Indies. But I can say, *He* has done all well.

I love my friends. I loved Mr. and Mrs. B., Miss P., and my own Eliza; I felt keenly when they were removed: but I still had *one* left, that seemed to make amends for all! The will of the LORD was declared by the event, and I acquiesced; but how often have I thought, if *she* should be taken from me, though his grace might enable my spirit to submit, the flesh *must* sink under the blow, and I should never wear a cheerful look again. Yet *He* has been better

to me than my deserts or fears ; *He* helps me to do very tolerably without her. I still live in the same house, where every room, and every chair, seems to say, “ she is not here !” I sleep in the bed where she long languished, and where I saw her draw her last breath ; and I have never felt a wish to change the scene. Though no object appears *quite* the *same* to me, and a sort of sombre cast hangs over them all, yet I can *relish* my many mercies, and smile and chat with my friends as formerly. I know not that I am more or less affected than I was the first day after she left me.

I write this for your encouragement. Imagination is a busy painter, and disposed at times to draw frightful pictures of what *may* happen : but we may depend upon it, that nothing *shall* happen, to which *His* promises of strength, according to the day, and “ grace sufficient for “ us,” shall not render those who trust in *Him* fully equal. He chastens and tries us, not for his own pleasure, but for our profit, to make us partakers of his holiness ; *otherwise* he takes no delight in our groans and tears, but rather in our prosperity, so far as *he sees* it safe for us ; and even when it is necessary to put us into the furnace of affliction, *he sits by*, like a refiner of silver, to watch the process, and to take us out when his merciful design in our favour is fully answered.

The distance between my house and ***, and the limits of my time, would not permit me to visit you in person; but I am often with you in spirit, and by Mr. ***'s description, I am helped to form some idea of your situation. How different from mine! You can walk a mile from your home, without being stunned with noise, or shocked with wickedness! You can view the sea, or the mountains, whenever you please. You are surrounded by the works of GOD, which speak powerfully, though without an audible voice, to the attentive mind. I am encompassed by men, the most of whom are *serious* about *trifles*, and *trifling* in the concerns of *most importance*. Some bustling, and some dancing, into death. "Oh! that I had wings like a dove," for then would I likewise sometimes retire to the mountain, or stand on the sea shore! But *you* are in your post, and *I* am in mine. In some things our situations agree: the same sun that shines in Wales, shines also upon us; and the same "Sun of Righteousness" is equally near in all places. Local distance may separate bodies, but it cannot affect minds; and they who can meet at the same throne of grace, cannot be far asunder. Though I love the country, I may be thankful I live in London; for GOD makes me acceptable, and I hope useful, in my ministry. And your prospect from

the highest hill in your neighbourhood is not to be compared with mine from St. Mary's pulpit on a Sunday. GOD has also blessed me with many friends; many endeared connexions; and therefore I need not envy you your mountains; for though I meet with riot and disorder in the streets, through mercy, we have *love* and *peace* at home.

What a mountain is the heavenly Zion! Though we cannot see it with our bodily eyes, *faith* can realize the invisible hill, and tells us, that every day brings us nearer to it. *Here* we are but strangers and pilgrims. *There* we shall be at *home*. No care or sorrow can reach us at that height. *Then*, surely, we shall say with St. Peter, "it is good for us to be here." But we shall not, like him, be constrained to come down again from that summit.

We shall have a delightful review of all the way by which the LORD our GOD led us through this wilderness, and shall see, that mercy and goodness followed us through every step. May we *now believe* it! let us not credit the report of *sense* to the contrary; *faith*, instructed by the scripture, says *it is so*, *it must* be so, *it shall* be so.

My dear Bessy is well, and joins me in love. Heaven bless you and your children.

I am your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

THE REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

FOR the particulars of Dr. BUCHANAN'S life, character, and writings, we beg leave to refer our readers to a work recently published, entitled, "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal.*" By the Rev. Hugh Pearson, M.A. St. John's College, Oxford; a work which is evidently the production of a scholar, a gentleman, and a christian; displaying a mind deeply imbued with piety; a cultivated taste; liberality of sentiment; and very considerable skill in elegant composition.

Mr. Pearson was also the successful candidate for a Prize Essay, instituted by Dr. B. which is published under the following title, "*A Dissertation on the Progress of Christianity in India;*" to which is prefixed, "*A brief Historic View of the Progress in different Nations, since its first Promulgation; illustrated by a Chronological Chart.* 4to. 15s. in boards."

LETTER LXI.

*From Dr. CLAUD. BUCHANAN to ***, Esq.*

Queen's College, Jan. 29th, 1799.

P is in College. He and some of his friends have been contributing to the relief of a sick distrest musician. I took the liberty of subscribing half a guinea for you. As the public subscriptions for the poor are *liberally* filled, I shall not trespass farther on your bounty.

I sometimes take my gun out to the country, not to kill game, but to procure health. In my excursions I have an opportunity of seeing how the poor struggle against cold and hunger. How you would value my opportunities! I entered a cottage yesterday morning. "Pray, my good woman, why do your children lie in bed? are they sick?" "No, Sir, but they have no fire to sit by, so I am obliged to make them lie a-bed most part of the day." "Pray, good woman, have you got any thing for me to eat? I have walked a good way, and am very hungry." She looked embarrassed for a moment, and then burst into tears!

O, ye fellow commoners, who are in the habit, not of administering to each other's wants, but of contributing to each other's diseases and death, by five guinea suppers, how * * * *

P. desires his compliments to you. Our subject next Tuesday evening is *emigration*. P. is greatly improved. Our Monday evening is prorogued till the division, for want of members. It is rumoured, that your abilities for oratory are above mediocrity. I wish that you would convince us that this is true, when next we see you. Is it true, that you have resolution to write a little every day? I could believe any thing of you, would you but return to those daily exercises of piety, which your conscience dictates. But till that hour comes, all your resolutions must prove temporary, and, therefore, nugatory. My dear fellow, look around you. Is not your country falling? Perhaps a new order of things is at hand. In any event, you may be called forth, to defend the old, or modify the new, system. Seek, therefore, piety as a man, eloquence as a citizen. Be not a man of pleasure, rolling down the stream of fashion, unheeded and unknown. Be magnanimous. Have the fortitude to speak what you think, in all places, and upon all occasions, when conscience suggests it. He who thinks that magnanimity consists in any thing less than despising

fashion, when it interferes with duty, has no pretensions to this virtue. He may have many other virtues, or rather semblance of virtue; but if he have not this, he is *nothing*. Most men who fight duels have not a spark of magnanimity, but are actuated by a base, cowardly fear. This is no paradox to those who recollect how many false principles, pseudo virtues, and counterfeit feelings, ever encrust the slave of fashion.

I court St. Cecilia a little, when my study of the modern languages permits. But that language, which, it is said, was taught by GOD himself, occupies my attention most. * * *

W. of ***, is senior wrangler. W. lectures on chemistry next term. Your plan of circumscribing your system of study is promising. I hope that temperance, country air, and exercise, have by this time given you health sufficient for College use.

C. B.

LETTER LXII.

From the same to the same.

DEAR ****

Wednesday evening, 3d Jan.

I hope I shall have time, before the post sets off, to write you one page at least,

I rejoice to find that you are seriously engaged in seeking peace. Only persevere, only be uni-

form for a few weeks, a few days, and you shall, you *must* have it. He who loved you so much as to die for you, has no pleasure in afflicting you without cause: he taketh no pleasure in beholding his children, who are contented to come out from the world, and bear his reproach, pass their hours in heaviness, disconsolate and irresolute.

He himself set an example to you, and to me, how we ought to live. He had always one grand object in view,—doing his Father's will. He went about doing good continually: his one grand object was doing good to the bodies or souls of men. Perhaps you and I have not to this hour, thought seriously of being useful, either to the bodies or the souls of men!

Our Saviour's life was a continued scene of activity. This is for our learning. Let no indolent habit ensnare our souls. Action is a great blessing to man. The miser has his enjoyment,—the trader, the ploughman, the man of business: the man of parts alone, like you, the man of improved understanding, he who can teach others, he is unhappy, because he is unemployed.

I, therefore, will promise, from this day forward, to have one, and only one, great object in view; and that will be, giving glory to GOD, and “doing good to the souls and bodies of

“men.” Every thing must henceforth give way to this grand purpose. Every book I read, every conversation I hear, every walk I take, must assist in giving me new ideas, or new helps in this work.

Only let me for ten days vie with the worldling in industry, and then you shall see the fruit.

My dear ****, whether you be heavy in heart, or merry, be *active*. Be active in prayer, or reading, or conversing, or walking, or riding. Sink not into fits of lethargy, which are death to the body, and death to the soul.

You seem to expect too rapid a revolution in yourself. But be content “with the day of small things.” GOD could, as you wish, work a miracle, and restore you to health of body, and to health of mind. “But He will be sought after.” His invariable method of dealing with his children, through every age of the christian church, is, “his spirit co-operating with their prayers,” and leading their minds from one degree of knowledge to another, from one degree of confidence to another, from one degree of *peace* to another.

He has given you, in your past experience, every thing you have a title to expect. He gave you at Cambridge, to taste a few days of that peace which the world knows not of; and which you attained at an *easy price*; and which

you might have kept to this day, (a seed then, but now a tree,) shedding its kindly influence on many a hapless soul, you may have since seen.

This peace you have once more attained, or are about to attain; "for he that seeks shall find." Keep the jewel safely. Quench not the spirit. Two things are necessary for this. Offend not GOD by any presumptuous sin. Pray to him daily that his spirit may dwell in you. If you can read mathematics pray do. I read them still. Anatomy, botany, astronomy, chemistry. are highly useful too, in preaching to this refined age the everlasting gospel.

You seem to be distressed about something Doddridge has said. You need not. If Doddridge had written you this letter, he would conclude, probably, with beseeching you to seek GOD in prayer, and in watchful conduct for some time; and assuring you that the result must be what GOD has promised, light to the understanding, and peace to the soul.

I remain, dear ****, your's, affectionately,

C. BUCHANAN.

LETTER LXIII.

*From Dr. CLAUD. BUCHANAN to T*** E****,
Esq; sen.*

MY DEAR SIR, *Calcutta, July 3, 1797.*

I Now sit down to discharge a debt which has been long due, but which I could not pay till now. But to whom shall I pay it? Not to you only, but to Mrs. E****, whom I respect; and to M****, whom I admire; and to T****, whom I love; and why not include your nephews, who are now, perhaps, at your fire-side, and whose attentions to me I ought never to forget.

As I could not deliver your letters to your friends at Madeira, I delivered them to Neptune. We did not see Madeira.

I passed three weeks at the Cape. I wish T**** had been with me there. Next morning, as I was walking up the street, I met five large ostriches, who were seeking their food about the houses like domestic animals. We had fresh ostrich eggs at breakfast; one is enough for six people. I prosecuted my botanical researches with success at the Cape. The geraniums grow wild, in great variety. I made a small *hortus siccus* of Cape plants, which I carried to India.

From the Cape we sailed directly to the south, to the 44th degree of latitude; and then ran in that parallel, till we reached Sumatra. We coasted along that island, and then bore away for Madras. From the time that we left Portsmouth till our arrival in India, we had not a bad hour.

On our arrival at Madras, the cattamaran came on board. This is a log of wood of two feet in breadth and ten in length, on which two naked black men sit, and paddle it with great effect through the most violent surf; and while they row, they bellow a song, which has no music in it, but they keep good time.

I went on shore, and staid two days at Madras. On the third day we set sail for Bengal, which we reached in a week. The 1st of March brought us to an anchor in the "haven, where we would be." On the morning of our arrival, a young man, looking out anxiously at the land, and hailing with joy the end of his voyage, fell into the sea, and rose no more! Think of this a little, before you read further.

In a few days after, Budgerows came down for us from Calcutta. These Budgerows are large Barges, having beds and convenient rooms, so that families live in them two or three months together, sailing up and down the Ganges.

The small ships of 500 tons go up to Calcutta ; but the large ships can go no farther than Diamond Harbour, which is about fifty miles below.

I sailed up to Calcutta * * * * *
On our arrival I was entertained by the Rev. Mr. ****. In a week afterwards I took and furnished a house of my own.

There are two splendid churches here. I am now at Barrackpore, a few miles from Calcutta, on the banks of the river. In November next, I go farther up the Ganges, to a still healthier station. My friends wish to place me at last at Calcutta; but they recommend travelling a little along the cool banks of the Ganges, as being useful in establishing my health, and naturalizing my constitution to the climate. Barrackpore, where I now am, has been called the Montpellier of India. Here I enjoy every thing that can minister to comfort, luxury, or elegance, except society. We have society too; but it is only polite society. I have not many here, I fear, whose hearts are awakened to the love of virtue and truth. Nevertheless, I possess two companions of inestimable value; I mean those two books which are written by the finger of GOD—the book of GOD’s *word*, and the book of GOD’s *works*. These are treasures which are inexhaustible; and which afford me,

in my retirement, pleasure, company, and comfort.

My dear fellow, how are you? The tear is in my eye, when I call you to mind. I passed many pleasant days with you. Our constant theme was virtue and truth. I wish I may remember those lessons myself, which I used to inculcate on you. We had, for a while, a brotherly affection. Distance and absence must influence all things; but sometimes friendships are increased by them. But they are only increased, when both parties,

- 1st, Improve the day well in useful study;
- 2d, Meditate on their being's use and end; and
- 3d, Endeavour conscientiously to discharge all the relative duties, whether to parents, relations, or friends.

The man who forgets his GOD, will soon forget his friend.

I wish much to hear of your health and pursuits. I hope you are happy when *at home*; and that you find you can improve yourself there as well as at Cambridge.

How is ****? He is fitted to be extremely happy or extremely miserable. He has noble qualities; and when the scriptures have wrought on him their perfect work, he will be an eminent christian. When you write to me, I dare say you will tell me all the interesting news you

can collect. But if you should not write to me, I shall not only think it my duty, but I shall find a pleasure, in writing to you, * * * *

LETTER LXIV.

To Miss E****.

* * * * * MOST of the young ladies here attempt the harpsichord ; but there are, I understand, but one or two of any eminence in the country. There is one accomplishment which many of them *labour* to possess, namely, the art of conversation. They read a great deal, in order to acquaint themselves with general knowledge, that they may be able to bear a part in social converse. This is worthy the attention of some of their sisters at home. But then, too frequently, they have no christian advice or example given them ; so that when they are on a sick bed, they have no comfort, and often die without hope ! This is a sorrowful picture.

No attention is paid to the Sabbath in any part of India, but in Calcutta. The French honour their tenth day, more than we do our seventh. Whether I shall be useful in setting a good example, I know not. I may plant, and

another may water, but GOD alone giveth the increase.

How is Mrs. T****? Does your mutual affection still subsist? If you are both good, it will.

And now what more shall I say? Shall I give you a picture of the scene around me? I am situated on the banks of the Ganges. The country is champaign, but covered with trees; the most numerous are cocoa nut, plantain, mango, and banian trees. (Pray learn all about them.) The river is covered with boats, passing and repassing. There are two Elephants amusing themselves at the water side. One of them is eating plantain leaves, which are his ordinary food; he takes hold of the leaves with his trunk, and puts them into his mouth. The other is washing himself: he fills his trunk with water, and then throws it around him, so that he is covered with the spray. A little boy is now going to mount one of them, in order to lead them home; as he is not very heavy, he sits upon the point of the trunk, and thus the Elephant lifts him on his back. An elephant has no bridle. How, then, is he directed? The boy has a rod of iron, sharp at one end, and with this he pricks his head when he goes wrong.

When the Elephant wishes to set down the ladies, who frequently ride upon him, he falls

upon his knees; and when they have dismounted, he rises. He is altogether a wonderful animal.

Next come a few Asses. I need not give you a description of them, but I must of the Camel that accompanies them: he carries an immense weight: he is nearly as high as the Elephant, and has a long neck, by means of which he can bring his head to most parts of his body.

On the other side of the river I see a flock of Vultures; they are hovering over a dead body, which is floating down the stream. Many of the Hindoos cast their dead into the Ganges, that they may be conveyed to Paradise! About a mile up the river, a funeral pile is just lighted. It is now near evening, when this rite is usually performed. The relatives accompany the corpse to the water side, where a pile of dry wood is raised about the body, and the nearest relative applies the torch. The jackals, allured by the smell, will presently come down from the woods, and prowl about. They live on carrion of all kinds, and are generally inoffensive.

I write this in the viranda of my house; that is to say, under the shade of a projecting roof. A Parria dog craves an alms of me. These dogs are like your dogs, but they have no masters. They are perfectly at large, and lie commonly in the woods, or near some house where they are encouraged. They are perfectly

harmless, and are very useful in eating offal and carrion, which, in a hot country, would soon produce infection. The air is frequently thronged with kites, hawks, and crows, who are looking for snakes, and other noxious creatures; and they are so successful in their search, that we are seldom annoyed by these animals. So attentive is Providence to the comfort of man!

A woman burnt herself with her dead husband, about three days ago, a few miles up the river. This happens very frequently: and yet you European ladies think it great matter to make a voyage for a husband!

My servants bring me a glass of wine and water. Two are concerned in this operation: one of them will not touch the glass, though he will pour the wine into it! So strange are the superstitions of these people. Another will wipe my shoes, but he will not wash my feet. A third will bathe me, but he will not fan me. You see, Miss E., what strange things we travellers behold.

Have I told you all? or shall I mention a North-Wester? This is a violent tornado from north-west, which makes a regular and magnificent progress through the heavens. Violent wind, thunder, and lightning, roll on in a kind of collected body. This short-lived tempest is very awful and very grand. It is always a

welcome visitor ; for it cools the heated air, and refreshes all nature around.

I am now so familiarized to violent thunder, that I scarcely ever notice it, except when I go out purposely to contemplate the grandeur of a *North-Wester*.

LETTER LXV.

To T. E. sen. Esq.

* * * I Began the enclosed at Calcutta, but I finished it at Barrackpore.

I have not been a day ill, since I left your fire-side ; so kind is that Almighty companion, who takes care of me wherever I go. When I am tired, He gives me repose ; when I am thirsty, He gives me drink ; when his sun is too hot for me, He gives me shade. Great happiness awaits me *on earth*, as well as in heaven, if I keep my heart right before Him. Be that *your* study too, my dear Sir ; there is no comfort without it. * * *

LETTER LXVI.

To Mrs. E.

MY DEAR MADAM,

* * * In every place I have met with some of the “ excellent in the earth.” Men

and women, rich and poor, young and old. And they all have had the same truths to tell me, the same CHRIST to love, the same Bible to read. And they *alone* have been the *happy*, among all that I have seen. I *thought* it would be so, when I was in England; but now I *know* it.

Farewell, therefore, my dear Madam; and may you, and all your family, both know and *possess* the things that contribute to happiness here, and to bliss hereafter.

To all my Friends.

MY dear friends, there are twenty pages for you from a foreign land. I may yet see some of you; I shall certainly hear of you; and I hope to hear of your happiness, health, and peace.

If I could confer a blessing, I would gladly bestow it on you all; but since I cannot, I shall pray that GOD will; and I remain your very faithful and affectionate,

CLAUDE BUCHANAN.

Barrackpore, July 5, 1797.

Mons. VOLTAIRE,

And GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

*Character of Voltaire, by Frederick 2d,
King of Prussia.*

M. VOLTAIRE is below the stature of tall men; or in other words, a little above those of a middling size; he is extremely thin, and of an adust temperament, hot and atrabilious; his visage is meagre, his aspect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickness in his eye. The same fire that animates his works, appears in his actions, which are lively, even to absurdity. He is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going, with a quick motion, and sparkling light that dazzles our eyes.

A Man thus constituted cannot fail of being a valetudinarian. "The blade cuts away the scabbard." Gay by complexion; grave by regimen; open, without frankness; polite, without refinement; sociable, without friends. He knows the world, and he forgets it. In the morning he is Aristippus, and Diogenes at night. He loves grandeur, and despises the great; with his superiors his carriage is easy, but with his equals, constrained; he is first polite, then cold, then disgusting. He loves the Court, yet makes himself weary of it; he has sensibility, without connections; and is voluptuous, without passion. He is attached to nothing by choice,

but to every thing by inconstancy. As he reasons without principle, his reason has its fits, like the folly of others. He has a clear head, and a corrupt heart; he thinks of every thing, and treats every thing, with dérision. He is a libertine, without a constitution for pleasure; and he knows how to moralize, without morality. His vanity is excessive; but his avarice is still greater than his vanity: he therefore writes less for reputation than money, for which he may be said both to hunger and thirst. He is in haste to work, that he may be in haste to live: he was made to enjoy, and he determines only to hoard. Such is the man, and such is the author.

There is no other poet in the world, whose verses cost him so little labour; but this facility of composition hurts him, because he abuses it: as there is but little for labour to supply, he is content that little should be wanted; and, therefore, almost all his pieces are unfinished. But although he is an easy, an ingenious, and an elegant writer of poetry; yet his principal excellence would be history, if he made fewer reflections, and drew no parallels; in both of which, however, he has sometimes been very happy. In his last work he has imitated the manner of Bayle; of whom, even in his censures of him, he has exhibited a copy. It has been long said, that for a writer to be without passion and without prejudice, he must have neither religion nor country; and, in this respect, M. Voltaire has made great advances towards perfection. He cannot be accused of being a partizan to his nation; he appears, on the contrary, to be affected with a species of madness, somewhat like that of old men, who are always extolling the time past, and bitterly complaining of the present. Voltaire is always dissatisfied with his own country, and lavish in his praise

of those that are a thousand leagues off. As to religion, he is in that respect evidently undetermined; and he would certainly be the neutral and partial being, so much desired for an author, but for a little leaven of Anti-Jansenism, which appears somewhat too plainly distinguished in his works. Voltaire has much foreign, and much French, literature; nor is he deficient in that mixed erudition, which is now so much in fashion. He is a politician, a naturalist, a geometrician, or whatever else he pleases; but he is always superficial, because he is not able to be deep. He could not, however, flourish, as he does upon those subjects, without great ingenuity. His taste is rather delicate than just; he is an ingenious satyrst, a bad critic, and a dabbler in the abstracted sciences. Imagination is his element; yet, strange as it is, he has no invention. He is reproached with continually passing from one extreme to another; now a philanthropist, then a cynic; now an excessive encomiast, then an outrageous satyrst. In one word, Voltaire would fain be an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary man he most certainly is."

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

A singular contrast to Voltaire, in mind, intellect, sentiment, and general character, is presented in George Lord Lyttleton, "the noble author" to whom the irritable Frenchman addressed the letter immediately following. Of solid understanding, discriminating judgment, and well-digested erudition, his Lordship possessed qualities of the *head*, which the greatest admirers of his correspondent (if their admiration do not absorb their impartiality) must admit, that their favourite did not possess: and in every estimable quality of the *heart*, pure benevolence, disinterested affection, steady principles,

and an inflexible devotion to truth, no approach to a parallel with his Lordship can be found in the character of Voltaire. The literary works, also, of the two authors, are of entirely opposite complexions: in Voltaire, all is splendid tinsel, and false glitter, covering vain sophistry, false reasoning, and perverted sentiment. In the prose compositions of his Lordship, we find elegant, but manly, diction; sterling sense; powerful argument; sound logic; and admirable precepts. These excellencies more especially shine forth in his "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" "a treatise, to which" (as Johnson observes) "infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." His Lordship was born A.D. 1709, and died Aug. 22, 1773. He was buried at Hagley; where the following inscription is cut on the side of the monument erected to the memory of the Lady Lyttleton:

"This unadorned stone was placed here by the particular
 " desire, and express directions, of the
 " Right Honourable GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON;
 " Who died August 22d, 1773, aged 64."

His death was "the death of the righteous;" and his "latter end" was characterized by that christian resignation and serenity, and illuminated by that pious hope and humble confidence, which are the closing blessings afforded to the *good* on this side the grave. The following letter (a *part* of which, only, Dr. S. Johnson has given in his Life of Lyttleton, and that part *incorrectly*,) details, in a most interesting and edifying manner, the particulars of the last moments of this excellent nobleman. It was written by Dr. James Johnstone, his Lordship's friend and physician; a learned, enlightened, and amiable medical character, who practised for many years at Kidderminster and Worcester,

with the highest celebrity, success, and honour; and to whom mankind are indebted for the discovery of the use of *muriatic acid gas*, in correcting or destroying contagion.*

To Mrs. MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

May 26th, 1773.

I Had the particular direction from Lord Lyttleton, on his death bed, to write to you the event of his illness; the course of which his Lordship did not choose to communicate to his other friends. I know my letter will not bring you the earliest account of his death. It is the grief and inexpressible concern I feel for the loss of such a friend, and such a man, (who seemed to me to have an angelic pre-eminence above other mortals,) that prevented my giving the earliest intelligence; and which now almost incapacitates me from writing: yet I will execute the intention of my dear, departed friend, as well as I am able.

* See a "Reply to Dr. James Carmichael Smyth, &c. with a further Account of the Discovery of the Power of Mineral Acid, in a state of Gas, to destroy Contagion. By John Johnstone, M. D. London, Mawman, 1805." Two of the surviving sons of Dr. James Johnstone practise as physicians, who emulate the skill, and reflect the virtues, of their father,—Edw. Johnstone, M. D. of Edgbaston Hall, near Birmingham; and John Johnstone, M. D. of Birmingham.

On Sunday morning, the symptoms of his disorder, which, for a week past, had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. He expected death with the utmost fortitude and resignation; and from this time suffered from restlessness, rather than pain; was sensible nearly to his last moments; and though his nerves were apparently fluttered, his mental faculties never appeared stronger, as was evident from many expressions which dropped from him, when he was awake.

His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaint seemed alone not equal to this mournful and fatal event: his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of irritation in his bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different nature, accounts very sufficiently for his sudden loss of strength; for sleep is indeed of such absolute necessity, that a long want of it must terminate in either death or madness.

His death-bed was one of the most interesting scenes I ever was a witness of. He was, as I have observed, perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution; and though he wished it not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a joke, to keep me in misery, by attempting to prolong life;" and yet he was easily persuaded, for the

satisfaction of others, to do, or take, any thing, thought proper for him.

On Sunday, about eleven o'clock, he sent for me, and said "he felt a great hurry of spirits, and "wished for a little conversation to divert it." Besides many obliging things he said to me in the course of his illness, he now expressed himself thus: "I have experienced so much kindness "from you, and all my friends and attendants, "on this occasion, that I think it worth having "such an illness, to enjoy such kindness; if I "wish to live, it is to return it, and be more "with you."

In this conversation he went on to open the fountain in that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. "Doctor," said he, "you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, "I had friends, who endeavoured, with all their "might, to shake my belief in the christian religion. I saw difficulties, which staggered me; "but I kept my mind open to conviction. The "evidences and doctrines of christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and "persuaded believer of the christian religion "I have made it the rule of my life, and the "ground of my future hopes. I have erred "and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit."

“In politics, and public life, I made public
 “good the rule of my conduct. I never gave
 “counsel which I did not at that time think the
 “best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the
 “wrong, but I did not err designedly. In public
 “affairs, great good can often only be done by
 “risking some evils; and morality is, in that
 “sphere, necessarily in a larger ground, than in
 “more private affairs. I have endeavoured, in
 “private life, to do all the good in my power; and
 “never for a moment could indulge malicious or
 “unjust designs against any person whatsoever.”

At another time he said, “I must leave my
 “soul in the same state it was before this illness;
 “I find this a very inconvenient time for soli-
 “citude about any thing.”

In the evening, when the symptoms of death
 came on, he said, “I shall die—but it will not
 “be your fault; write to Mrs. Montague; com-
 “fort Mrs. Lyttleton;” and a hundred times
 closely grasped the hand that now writes you
 this information.

When Lord and Lady Valentia came, he
 gave them his solemn benediction, saying, “Be
 “good, be virtuous! My Lord, you must come
 “to this!” Thus he continued giving his be-
 nedictions, dying as he was, to all around him.
 On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some
 small hopes; but they vanished in the evening,

and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, when, between 7 and 8 o'clock, he expired almost without a groan.

Thus died this amiable and excellent man. His death was one of the triumphs of that religion, of which he had long been an able advocate; and of which his life was a distinguished and unaffected ornament.

I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

J. JOHNSTONE.

LETTER LXVII.

From Mons. VOLTAIRE to Lord LYTTLETON,

MY LORD,

I HAVE read the ingenious Dialogues of the Dead, I find (page 134) that I am an exile, and guilty of some excesses in writing; I am obliged (and perhaps for the honour of my country) to say, that I am not an exile, because I have not committed the excesses the author of the Dialogues imputes to me. Nobody

raised his voice higher than mine in favour of the rights of human kind, yet I have not exceeded in that virtue.

I am not settled in Switzerland, as the noble author believes. I live on my own lands in France. Retreat is becoming to old age; and more becoming on one's own possessions. If I enjoy a little country-house near Geneva, my manors and my castles are in Burgundy; and if my King has been pleased to confirm the privileges of my lands, which are free from all tributes, I am the more attached to my King.

If I were an exile, I had not obtained from my Court many a passport for English noblemen. The service I rendered them, entitles me to the justice which I expect from the noble author.

As to religion, I think, and I hope the noble author thinks with me, that GOD is neither a Presbyterian, nor a Lutheran, nor of the low church, nor of the high church; but GOD is the father of all mankind; the father of the noble author, and myself.

I am, with respect, his most humble servant,

VOLTAIRE,

Gentleman of the Chamber to his Majesty.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Lord LYTTLETON to M. VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

I Have received the honour of your letter, dated from your Castle of Ferney in Burgundy; by which I find I was guilty of a mistake in calling your retirement an exile. When another edition of my Dialogues shall be made, either in English or in French, I will take care that the error shall be corrected; and I am sorry that I was not apprized of it sooner, that I might have corrected it in the first edition of the French translation of those Dialogues, just published under my inspection, in London.

To do you justice, is a duty I owe to truth and myself; and you have a much better title to it, than from the passports you can have procured for English noblemen. You are entitled to it, Sir, by the high sentiments of respect I have for you; which are not paid to the privileges you tell me your King has conferred upon your lands, but to the noble talents GOD has given you, and the superior rank you hold in the republic of letters.

The favours done you by your Sovereign are an honour to him, but add little lustre to the name of Voltaire. I entirely agree with you,

that **GOD** is the Father of all mankind ; and I should think it blasphemy to confine his goodness to a particular sect ; nor do I believe that any of his creatures are good in his sight, if they do not extend their benevolence to all his creation.

These opinions I rejoice to see in some of your works ; and should be very glad to be convinced, that the liberty of your thoughts and your pen, upon subjects of philosophy and religion, never exceeded the bounds of that generous principle, which is authorised by revelation, as much as by reason ; and that you disapproved, in your hours of sober reflection, those irregular sallies of fancy, which cannot be justified, though they may be accounted for, by the vivacity and fire of a great genius.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

LYTTLETON.

THE HOUGHTON PICTURES.

THIS noble collection of the best specimens of the different ancient schools, was made by Sir Robert Walpole, and placed in Houghton Hall, the ancient seat of the Walpole family, in Norfolk. In the year 1767, the late Lord Orford, then Horace Walpole, printed a partial account of them, with observations, on their merits, cost, &c. In the year 1778, they were catalogued, priced, and exposed for sale: and money offered for them by the agent of Catherine II. Empress of Russia. Mr. Tyson, in a letter to Richard Gough, esq; 10th February 1779, alludes to the fear which generally prevailed among the lovers of the arts, of their being exported into a foreign country; and expresses his pleasure that some *English purchaser* was likely to prevent such a public loss. “I am delighted,” says he, “with the hopes of some English Duke’s purchasing the Houghton pictures: it would have been a burning shame to have had them gone out of the kingdom.” *Nichols’s Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 639.* The negotiation, however, with the Empress proceeded; and two months afterwards, the purchase was announced in the Gentleman’s Magazine, in the following manner. “The Empress of Russia has purchased the Houghton Collection of Pictures for £48,000. They were estimated at £40,000; but the Empress advanced £3000, for the liberty of selecting such of them as are most suited

“ to her purpose of establishing a school for painting
 “ in her capital. The rest will probably be disposed of
 “ by auction, in England. Such is the fate of this first
 “ collection in Great-Britain; which, exclusive of pre-
 “ sents, cost its noble proprietor nearly £100,000 to
 “ form; and which ought to have been added to the
 “ Devonshire and Bedford collections; but it is gone, if
 “ it survives the hazard of the sea, or the risques of war,
 “ to assist the slow progress of the arts, in the cold un-
 “ ripening regions of the north.” *Gent. Mag. May*
 1779. Mr. Tyson, however, in a letter of the same
 month, to his friend Gough, retained some feeble hope,
 that the fatal die of exportation might not be cast.
 “ The bargain,” says he, “ for the Houghton Collection
 “ is not yet concluded. If the Empress pay the
 “ £40,550, the valuation, she certainly may sell, burn,
 “ or drown, any part, or the whole: and nothing can
 “ be so far from common sense, as to suppose, that she
 “ is to pay £3000 more than the valuation, for the
 “ liberty of selling part by auction. Lord Orford will
 “ not care what becomes of them, when he has got the
 “ rino. Sir Robert Walpole paid only £800 for the
 “ Guido, which is valued in the appraisement at
 “ £3,500; and so many were presents to him, that it
 “ is not probable they should cost him so much as
 “ £30,000, instead of the £100,000, the Magazine sets
 “ forth.” But the fate of this noble collection was,
 soon after, determined; and in the Gentleman’s Maga-
 zine for September and October, in the above-mentioned
 year, we find the following notices of its transportation
 to Russia, and its arrival in that country. “ The
 “ Houghton collection is not only now certainly sold to
 “ the Empress of Russia, but actually shipped. The delay
 “ was occasioned by the Empress insisting on having
 “ the noble collector’s portrait into the bargain; which

“being once agreed to, there was hardly time for pack-
 “ing up the pictures; and they were sent by waggons
 “to the port of Lynn the latter end of last month—Sep-
 “tember 1779.”—“The Houghton Collection of Pic-
 “tures, we hear, is safely arrived at St. Petersburg,—
 “October 1779.” The departure of such a rare assem-
 blage of the finest models of the pictorial art was
 considered, at the time, as a public loss, and deplored
 in most of the publications of the day. Mr. Gough
 (Mr. Tyson’s correspondent) has thus feelingly lamented
 it in his *British Topography*. “The lovers of the polite
 “arts will join me in deploring the removal of the
 “Houghton Collection, last year, from this country,—
 “for ever! to a region, whose chiefest praise must be,
 “that it stretches forth its arms to foster, what the
 “swarms that have issued from it, have destroyed;
 “in their rapid inundations of Europe. Mr. Boydell
 “had engraved only six numbers of his design, com-
 “prehending sixty out of above two hundred pictures;
 “among which, the prints of those executed by Mr.
 “Earlom, are most decidedly entitled to the preference.
 “Some of the principal have not yet been published.”
 As the following letter was written by an amateur of
 high taste, and great practical skill, it will enable the
 reader to judge of the merits and excellencies of some
 of the best pictures in this celebrated collection; and
 to appreciate the loss which the arts, in this country,
 sustained, when it was removed into a foreign one.

LETTER LXIX.

*From **** to ****.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, Oct. 3, 1780.

IT is with great pleasure that I comply with your wishes ; and take up my pen to transmit to you my observations on the Houghton Collection ; which I can never hope to see again, and the recollection of which I shall be glad thus to fix in my memory.

I cannot help mentioning the Prodigal Son, by Salvator Rosa, as the *first* ; because I found it by far the most interesting picture in the collection. There is truth, nature, and expression, in it ; the strongest character of distress and contrition in the countenance, and yet an extraordinary eagerness of expectation in the eye, which is earnestly cast up to Heaven, as if expecting some comfort and assistance from thence, in consequence of his repentance. I looked at the picture, till I could almost believe it to be a real person. You know my great partiality for Salvator Rosa's works ; there is something great, wild, and sublime in his stile, that is more Pindaric (if I may be allowed the expression) than in that of any other painter. This picture, and the Belisarius, which I saw

afterwards at Lord Townsend's, are the two finest pieces of his that I ever beheld. I think I should give the preference, upon the whole, to the Belisarius; there is more dignity in the distress, which makes it more affecting. If there be any fault in the Prodigal Son, it is, that he does not look sufficiently like a *gentleman*, and, therefore, does not impress, strongly enough, on your mind, the recollection of the state from which he is fallen, and which *should* have appeared as a strong *aggravation* of his present distress. Whether it is owing to this, or whether it is not at present the fashion to like Salvator's black stile, this picture is sold (as I apprehend) much too cheap, in comparison of many others in the collection. It was valued only at £700.; whereas a picture, at the upper end of the gallery, of Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro de Cortona, which I should think far inferior, was valued at £1000. Two flower-pieces, by Van Huysum, in the cabinet, at £1000; and a little highly-finished picture, but an odious subject, (David, Bathsheba, and Abishag,) by Vanderwerff, at £700. The Albano, also, over the chimney in the saloon, of CHRIST baptized by St. John, is valued at £700. They say it is a better picture than any large work that ever was done by Albano; but it is far inferior to Salvator's stile, in that

which affects me most, and which I should call the *poetical* part of the art. (Salvator, like Shakespeare, gives you truth, nature, passion, character, reality; while Albano, Carlo Marat, and his scholars, Pietro de Cortona, Eustache, Le Senar, and many others, play upon the eye; some by pretty attitudes, and some by pretty colouring, and penciling, rather than address themselves to the heart. I will not say that this is the case with Poussin; for though his attitudes are beautiful, his figures as perfect as antique statues, and his compositions correct and classical, yet I find them very often affecting, particularly that picture in the gallery, of Moses striking the Rock; in which the earnestness of many of the figures is very interesting. I am sorry to say the figure of Moses is least so. That picture is valued at £900; and its companion, the Contenance of Scipio, at £600. This is a very fine picture too, though I think not so interesting. The Celtiberian Captive is beautiful: she is very much covered with a blue drapery, but her attitude is that of the Venus de Medicis.

But the picture which is estimated at the highest price, and is the most universally admired, is that of the Doctors of the Church, consulting about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. This is valued at £3500. The richness and clearness of the colours, the elegant figure

of the Virgin, and the little angels, (who are all in the clouds,) and the varied attitudes of the doctors below, deserve the highest encomiums; indeed I never saw so fine a picture in all these respects, but the subject is totally uninteresting; and the expression of doubt, (though that is as well expressed as possible in the various attitudes and faces of the doctors,) is, perhaps, of all sentiments of the mind, that which gives least pleasure to observe.

Where something important depends upon the progress of conviction, and where you see the different degrees of it, in different faces, as in Raphael's cartoon of St. Paul preaching at Athens, it becomes extremely interesting. But, perhaps, the principal reason why you are so much interested there is, because you actually see the preacher, and see the effect of his discourse upon his audience, in all the different degrees, of contemptuous disbelief, fluctuating doubts, and animated conviction; whereas in this picture of Guido's, the Doctors seem all too doubtful, though in different degrees; and you do not *comprehend* any reason why they should be otherwise. I believe Sir Joshua Reynolds has stamped the value upon this picture; for, I am told, that he once offered £3500. I wish he had had it, that it might have remained in the kingdom; but the Empress was determined

to have them all, or none. She has even insisted upon having the picture of Sir Robert Walpole himself, (though painted by a very moderate hand,) as a kind of preface or frontispiece to the collection; in which, I think, she judges right, and shews more respect to the memory of that great man, than his descendant, who sells them, as he would do so many bales of cloth, with no other consideration, than that he gets £40,000 or £50,000 for them.

There was another Guido, which I admired very much too. A Holy Family, in an octagon shape, at the upper end of the gallery; which is painted in a most delicate, elegant, and graceful manner. There is also a Rembrandt, at the same end of the room, of Abraham's Sacrifice. The subject is very striking. Isaac lies bound, as if ready to have his throat cut by his father's hand, and Abraham covers the youth's face with his hand, as if unable to bear the sight of it. It made my blood run cold; but I never saw such fine expression as there is in Abraham's face. You see all the agitation of his mind; and his pale and ghastly countenance gives you fully to conceive what he must have gone through, before he could work himself up to such a horrid resolution. The Angel holds his hand, but Abraham looks still scared, and as if he could hardly believe that the dreadful sacrifice was

remitted. The effect of light and shade, too, is excessively fine in this piece: I hope you took notice of it. But when I come to speak of effects, it is impossible not to think immediately of that inimitable landscape of Reubens, in the same gallery, of a Cart overturned in a Wood; the moon appearing through the trees on one side; in another part the glimmering light of the departing day; and the finest rock, with the richest, clearest colouring, up in the middle of the piece. I never saw such a lesson in the art of light and shade, and effects, as this picture is. I studied it again and again, many times, and wished I could have brought off the memory of it, which would have fixed in my mind a fund of instruction and knowledge. The shades are wonderfully clear, and the whole colouring rich and harmonious. Reubens always, I believe, painted upon a white ground, and this, in some places, is scarcely covered; the tints about the rock, especially, are almost transparent. There are other very fine works of Reubens here besides, and though he is not quite my favourite painter in historical subjects, on account of the coarseness of his women, and the vulgarity that he too often gives to his figures, I must allow these have wonderful merit in the effect. Do you remember the great picture in the saloon, of Mary Magdalen

washing CHRIST's feet? The Pharisees are fat, vulgar-looking fellows; and even CHRIST himself, and his disciples, want that dignity of character, (*noble in simplicity,*) which a painter of a true taste, and an elevated imagination, would have endeavoured to have given them. The figure of the Magdalen is extremely disgusting. But in point of light and shade, clearness and brilliancy of colour, and judicious disposition of the figures, to form the general effects, nothing can exceed it. This is also a most admirable lesson to form young painters. I wish it were placed in our academy, instead of being in that of the Russian Empress: it is surprising what an effect the whiteness of the table-cloth (placed as it is in that picture) has to compose the harmony and force of the whole. Cover the table-cloth, with your hand near your eyes, as you look at the picture, and the effect is gone. So it is with the landscape that I spoke of before; there is a little circumstance in it of a man in a red drapery, that holds up the cart, which is placed just in the foreground, and it is wonderful what an effect that little circumstance has in warming and tuning the whole; and how cold and deficient you will immediately perceive it to be, upon covering this red jacket.

Perhaps I am whimsical, and perhaps you will laugh at me. I should like, however, to know

what remarks you made upon these two pieces. That of the Magdalene is valued at £1600; and so is its companion, the Virgin with the child in her lap, and a number of boy angels, like little cupids, dancing before them. This, if you remember, is very much in Reubens' manner, though it is done by Vandyke. The boys are lovely, perfect nature, and more delicate nature than Reubens generally chooses. The principal angel, who addresses himself to the infant CHRIST, is a charming little animated figure; his little arms are extended, and you could imagine him singing, "Glory be to GOD on high," &c. The Virgin is the worst part of the picture; her countenance is heavy and disagreeable: the printed catalogue says, by way of apology, that it seems to have been a portrait.

Before I leave the pictures in the saloon, I must take notice of St. Francis, with the Infant JESUS in his arms. There is grace, delicacy, taste, and expression; every thing that can make a picture perfect. The head of the Saint is much like the head of one of the doctors of the church, in the great picture; and the child, I think, is like that in the Holy Family (octagon shape) that I mentioned before. I am told the design is taken from a statue of a Silenus, with a young Bacchus in his arms, that is at Rome.

Wherever the idea comes from, it is charmingly executed.

I don't know who the pictures were valued by. Monsieur Poushkin told me he did not know himself; but that he took them according to the valuation given by Lord Orford. He told me the prices of most of them, and the rest I got from some other gentlemen in that country; but I apprehend they were many of them very ignorantly valued, and I fancy you will think this St. Francis one instance of it. This picture went for £150; while a picture, in a circular shape, by Cantasini, which hung next to it, and which certainly is a much inferior picture, though it may be a few inches larger in size, went for £300. And there was a Holy Family in the same room, by Andrea de Obarte, which was valued at £250. It may be a very good picture, for any thing I know; but the manner is hard, and the composition crowded; so that I have no idea how it can be of *superior*, or even of *equal* value to such a work of Guido's. There was likewise another work of Guido's, that hung in the Carlo Marat room,—a sweet profile of a St. Catherine,—that was valued at no more than £20. How I longed to have bought that for myself!

The Carlo Marat room gave me but little pleasure, in comparison of the rest of the col-

lection ; and I think I remember to have heard you say the same. Among the works of the first and greatest masters, Carlo Marat holds but an inferior place ; and though many of his compositions are exceedingly *pretty*, you can seldom call any of them *very fine*. But when I say this, I must except the portrait of Clement IX. which hangs over the chimney in that room, and which seems to me to be the finest portrait that ever was painted by the hand of any master whatever. I looked at it, till I thought I grew acquainted with the man. It is vastly unlike any other picture that I ever saw by Carlo Marat.

There are but two performances by Raphael in this collection. One is a small picture of the Last Supper, but it is not in Raphael's best manner ; the figures seem rather too short, and with large heads ; and there is something formal in the manner of disposing of them ; particularly in the CHRIST, who looks straight forward with a full face, and, I think, no great degree of expression ; however, there is a very fine expression and character in some of the other heads. The other work of Raphael's is only a head, cut out of some cartoon. I am told, that it is supposed to be cut out of some cartoon (that is now lost) of the Resurrection ; but of which there is some print, or drawing, or description extant ; and that this head is one of the guards, who looks up

in terror, upon seeing CHRIST rise out of the tomb. The expression of the features answers well to this account; and it is an exceedingly fine, spirited sketch.

I will not add to the length of this, already long, letter, otherwise than to assure you of the sincere and affectionate regard of your's faithfully,

*** **

LETTER LXX.

*From Dr. GLASS to ****.*

DEAR ****,

THIS, perhaps, is the last opportunity which I shall ever have of addressing myself to you. You are going into a far country; it cannot be long "before I go hence, and be seen no more." Remember always," my young friend, that the sort of life in which you are now engaging is your own choice; and if it should prove less commodious and agreeable than you expected when that choice was made, you will have no one to blame. You never could suppose that a seaman's hammock was a bed of down, or that a conflict with winds and waves was a game at play. But, thanks be to GOD, you have been taught how to conduct yourself in

every situation of life: the great matter now will be, to practise what you know to be your duty; you know whither to direct your prayers, your trust and confidence, in the midst of dangers. It is true that you will be often out of the reach of spiritual ordinances; you must make up for the want of them by private acts of piety and religious meditation. This letter will be accompanied by a Bible and Prayer-book; and by another book, not yet published, which I hope will be found to contain the whole duty of man. Never let a sabbath-day pass unregarded, wherever you are; nor ever suffer yourself to be laughed out of it. Keep stedfast in your duty to GOD, and that will keep you faithful and trust-worthy in your duty to your employers. Do every thing required of you with cheerfulness, with diligence, and good-nature. In a moment of danger exert yourself with spirit, looking up to GOD, who knoweth us all to be set in the midst of dangers, and is able to help and deliver us, as seemeth best to his infinite wisdom. Remember, G—, that the only remedy that you can apply to the almost broken heart of your poor mother will be, the intelligence that you are going on well in your new situation, keeping innocence, and always taking heed to the thing that is right; securing the friendship of those, who, if you conduct yourself

well, will always be ready to serve you, and doing credit to the recommendation of your faithful friend and well-wisher,

S. G.

LETTER LXXI.

*From the Rev. WM. JONES, of Nayland, to ***.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I am in a very low and sorrowful state, from the pressure of a troublesome memory upon a broken heart, I am not insensible to the expressions of your kind consolatory letter, for which I heartily thank you, and pray that the effect of it may continue with me. The prospect which has been before me for several weeks past, has kept my mind (too weak and soft on all tender occasions) under continual, and, as I feared, insupportable agitation, till, after a painful struggle, no relief could be found, but by bowing my head with silent submission to the will of GOD; which came to pass, but a few days before the fatal stroke.

I have found it pleasant, in times past, to do the work of GOD, to demonstrate his wisdom, and to defend his truth, to the hazard of my quiet and reputation. But oh! my dear friend, I never knew till now what it was to suffer the

will of GOD; although my life has not been very free from great trials and troubles. Neither was I sensible of Adam's transgression, till it took effect upon the life of my blessed companion, of whom neither I nor the world was worthy. If I could judge of this case as an indifferent person, I should see great reason to give thanks and glory to GOD for his mercies. We had every preparatory comfort, and death at last came in such a form as to seem disarmed of his sting. A Christian Clergyman, of this neighbourhood, administered the Communion to her, in her bedchamber, while she was well enough to kneel beside him; and he declared to me afterwards, that he was charmed and edified by the sight: for that the peace of heaven was visible in her countenance; I saw the same, and I would have given my life, if that look could have been taken and preserved; it would have been a sermon to the rest of the world. On the last evening she sat with me in the parlour, where I am now writing, and I read the lessons of the day to her, as usual, in which was this remarkable passage, "And the time drew nigh that Israel must die." Of this I felt the effect, but made no remarks. On her last morning, we expected her below stairs; but at eleven o'clock, as I was going out to church, to join with the congregation in prayer for her, an

alarming drowsiness had seized upon her, and she seemed as a person literally falling asleep; till, at the point of noon, it appeared that she was gone; but the article of her dying could not be distinguished, it was more like a translation.

I have reason to remember, with great thankfulness, that her life was preserved a year longer than I expected; in consequence of which, I had the blessing of her attendance to help and comfort me, under a tedious illness of the last summer, under which I should probably have sunk, if she had been taken from me sooner. It so pleased GOD, that when she grew worse, I became better, and able to attend her with all the zeal the tenderest affection could inspire. But how different were our services! She, though with the weakness of a woman, and in her seventy-fifth year, had the fortitude of a man, I mean a *Christian*; and all her conversation tended to lessen the evils of life, while it inspired hope and patience under them. The support which she administered was of such a sort, as might have been expected from an angel; while I, when my time came, was too much overwhelmed with the affliction of a weak mortal. My loss comprehends every thing that was most valuable to me upon earth. I have lost the manager, whose vigilant attention to my worldly affairs, and exact method in ordering my family, preserved

my mind at liberty to pursue my studies, without loss of time, or distraction of thought. I have lost my almoner, who knew and understood the wants of the poor better than I did, and was always ready to supply them to the best of our ability. I have lost my counsellor, who generally knew what was best to be done in difficult cases, and to whom I always found it of some advantage to submit my compositions; and whose mind, being little disturbed with passions, was always inclined to peaceable and christian measures. I have lost my example, who always observed a strict method of daily devotion, from which nothing could divert her; whose patience, under every kind of trial, seemed invincible. She was blest with the rare gift of an equal, cheerful temper, and preserved it under a long course of ill health, I may say, for forty years. To have reached her age, would have been to her impossible, without that quiet humble spirit, which never admitted of murmuring or complaining, either in herself or others; and patient, quiet sufferers, were the favourite objects of her private charities.

It might be of use to some good Christian to know, that she had formed her mind after the rules of the excellent Bishop Taylor, in his 'Holy Living and Dying,' an author, of whom she was a great admirer, in common with her

dear friend Bishop Horne. I have lost my
 companion, whose conversation was sufficient of
 itself, if the world was absent; to the surprise of
 some of my neighbours, who remarked how much
 of our time we spent in solitude, and wondered
 what we could find to converse about. But her
 mind was so well furnished, and her objects so
 well selected, that there were few great subjects
 in which we had not a common interest. I have
 lost my best friend, who, regardless of herself,
 studied my ease and advantage in every thing.
 These things may be small to others, but they
 are great to me; and though they are gone as
 the vision of the night, the memory of them will
 always be upon my mind, during the remainder
 of my journey, which I must now travel alone.
 Nevertheless, if the word of GOD be my com-
 panion, and his Holy Spirit my guide, I need
 not be solitary, till I shall once more meet my
 departed saint, never more to be separated;
 which GOD grant in his good time, according
 to his word and promise in our LORD and
 SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

From your faithful and affectionate friend,

WM. JONES.

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